

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No 196.—VOL. VIII

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6^d.



MISS ROSE COGLAN.

THE
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS
FOR DECEMBER, 12th, 1877, WILL BE THE
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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

In another part of this impression we quote from a Manchester contemporary a notice of the late G. H. Browne. We add here, with much pleasure, the following tribute to his memory from his old friend and sometime colleague, Mr. J. G. Taylor:—"There is no theatre in Great Britain better known than the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and the lamented death—the more deplored because sudden and unexpected—of its admirable proprietor and manager, Mr. George Harrie Browne, has caused a deep feeling of regret amongst all classes of playgoers in the city where he had sojourned for so many years, and also a still stronger expression of sorrow from the members of that profession of whom Shakspeare has said: "After your death you were better to have a bad epitaph than their ill-report while you lived." Hungering after novelty, whatever shape it might assume, in drama or opera, there is scarcely a star or company of eminence in the dramatic or musical world but have come into personal contact with Mr. Browne. He thus became acquainted with nearly every member of the theatrical and musical professions, and the one feeling amongst all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance is that of the loss of a valued friend. Although of a reticent and retiring disposition amongst strangers, yet on the stage of his own theatre he was the courteous, polished gentleman and man of the world, and his frank manner and ready 'Good morning' (now, alas! to be heard no more) was always cheerfully responded to by whatever company might be rehearsing, and he was thus probably better known and liked than any other manager in the kingdom. The letters and telegrams awaiting him in his office each morning read, and orders given to his willing lieutenants, nothing pleased him more than to sit on the stage during rehearsal and make the acquaintance of every artist engaged. During the evening's performance, according to his invariable custom, he would sit in his box, and laugh and applaud as heartily as a schoolboy, although he may have seen the same piece twenty times before. He was, as actors say, "a splendid audience;" his laughter was contagious, and his applause—generous and appreciative—was the signal for general and prolonged applause throughout the house. His appearance was often the signal for a hearty welcome from the audience, indicative of their warm approval of the liberality and anxiety he constantly displayed to give them the highest order of entertainment, and the worthy setting of whatever piece he might have to frame. Becoming sole proprietor at a time when the fortunes of the theatre were at the lowest ebb, he rapidly raised it to a proud position. Calling to his aid the long experience and remarkable ability of the first stage manager of the day, Mr. Charles Calvert, he produced a number of splendid Shakspearean revivals. *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *Henry IV.*, followed each other in rapid succession, and also Mr. Alfred Cellier's first opera, *The Sultan of Mocha*, all of which achieved a remarkable success, and rapidly raised the theatre to the eminence which formerly had been attained at the Princess's by Mr. Charles Kean, and the old Sadler's Wells by Mr. Phelps. Undismayed by strong competition, the Princess's, holding on to its course of good taste and tact, rapidly sailed into the stream of success, and became the favourite 'little Prince's,' and the first theatre in Manchester in the favour and affection of the most difficult audience in England to please. After several years of success with the higher drama, Mr. Calvert retired from the management, and Mr. Browne himself took up the reins, and produced a number of pieces, notably another new opera of Mr. Cellier's, *The Tower of London* with great and deserved success. The Prince's pantomimes will long be remembered as being the most gorgeous displays of scenic art and designers' skill that have ever been seen. Money was lavished upon them with an unstinting hand, and the

public eager that their favourite house should not lose by its liberality, eagerly testified their appreciation by crowding the theatre nightly for months with enthusiastic audiences. Not to the stage department alone, however, did Mr. Browne give his untiring energy, but the patrons of the theatre soon became alive to the fact that their comfort was not neglected in the front of the house. With the assistance of Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, an architect of great ability, and under whose directions the many structural alterations from the original plans were made, and Mr. Thomas Cavanah, a famous Manchester upholsterer, he set about those alterations and improvements which are so remarkable for taste and liberality, that the theatre has become a household word for all that is luxurious and elegant in theatrical decoration. The loss through his lamented death to theatrical Manchester can scarcely be estimated. His refined taste was a guarantee that nothing but what was of the highest order of merit should be placed before the public. And on more than one occasion his efforts had the warm approval of the shrewd and practical Bishop of Manchester. Mr. Browne was an American by birth, and before giving all his time and energy to his theatre, was a partner in a mercantile firm at Boston, U.S. He was born in 1826, and died at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, where he had resided for twenty-one years, on the 27th ult., in his 52nd year, and leaves two sons to mourn his loss. His remains together with those of his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, who died a few years ago, are being conveyed to his native place for interment amongst his kindred. And so farewell old friend—

—Imbedded here thy love shall lie,
Sun grains, that with the sands are rolled
Of memory.

J. G. T.

"ATLAS" says "it is somewhat singular that Dr. Baxter Langley, now imprisoned for fraud committed, first made his mark when he was sub-editor of the old *Morning Star* by hunting down a swindler named Tucker, who was preying on the public. Mr. Baxter Langley, writing as 'A Man in the Street,' went for Tucker, and got him." If we recollect aright that was not the only bit of detective work accomplished by his facile pen during his connection with the *Star*. People who remember the literature of the Waterloo Bridge tragedy will recall a series of articles in the *Morning Star* which displayed, not only a singular amount of surgical knowledge, but a remarkable capacity to put together and analyse evidence. Those articles were written by Dr. Baxter Langley. Subsequently, while editor of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, he made a further manifestation of his aptitude for—shall we call it finesse?—by entrapping a brother-editor into accepting a bribe. Later on we find him on board a new steamer, built on the Tees, doing some private inquiry work on behalf of the United States' Government. It is true that he discovered, instead of a confederate cruiser, a mare's nest of gigantic proportions, but his zeal in the cause "of truth and justice" and all the rest of it was very properly recognised in the right quarters. Such at any rate was the statement made at the time. We may remark that Dr. Langley's *nom de plume* "A Man in the Street" was afterwards used by the late W. B. Stevens as a signature to a series of graphic articles which appeared in the *Sportsman*.

TRIAL by Newspaper, as the for the most part wholesome reconsideration of the "judgments" of absurd magistrates has been sneeringly termed, has achieved another triumph. Mr. Barstow, the Clerkenwell magistrate who sentenced a lad of eleven years of age named Lambourne to twenty-one days hard labour for pulling a house-leek, value 4d., from St. Pancras Churchyard, has sustained a well-merited rebuke. In reply to representations made to the Home Secretary by the Council of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, the following document has been received:—"Whitehall, Nov. 6th, 1877.—Sir,—The Secretary of State for the Home Department having considered your application in behalf of William Lambourne, I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that he has felt warranted, under all the circumstances, in advising Her Majesty to remit the remaining portion of the boy's sentence.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant (signed), H. Selwin-Ibbetson.—Mr. Arthur Maddison, Reformatory and Refuge Union, 435, Strand." It is to be hoped that Mr. Barstow and magistrates of his calibre will bear his richly-deserved snub in mind. They are *responsible* beings.

A CONTEMPORARY, apparently in good faith, declares that "Mr. Charles Mathews is seriously thinking of withdrawing from the stage at the end of the present year." We don't believe it. He could not withdraw if he tried. We do not say, however, that his farewell performances might not becomingly begin next year, but there is no reason that we wot of that they should not go on for ever.

LET us advise Mrs. Lynn Linton to steal a march on the clumsy spoilers of dramatic novels of high character, by herself adapting for the stage "The World Well Lost." There are experts enough at the work who would be glad to assist.

A PROPHET may sometimes be honoured in his own country, if only as the exception which proves a rule "Skylark," in our issue of November 3, page 150, wrote: "In so small a field, however, we shall take one to represent us, and this shall be ARBITRATOR."

THE *World* "understands that an eminent firm of publishers have asked Mr. Frederick Villiers, the artist of the *Graphic*, who was, till lately, with the Russians in Bulgaria, to write the story of his experiences, illustrated by his own sketches; and that Mr. Villiers has consented to do so. Mr. Villiers had many strange and varied marching, campaigning, and fighting experiences; and if he is as good with his pen as he is with his pencil, his volume will be both entertaining and valuable." It would be looking for too much, perhaps, to expect him to write as well as he sketches, but as we have had a pleasant experience of him on this journal, both as writer and draughtsman, we congratulate those publishers of eminence

(Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) on the arrangement which they have been able to make with an artist who was so much in front with Mr. Archibald Forbes.

"THE ill-fortune of the Queen's Theatre has not yet deserted it. Before it had been re-opened a week a quarrel occurred between the joint speculators in the affair, Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Henderson. The result, it is alleged, was that Mr. Labouchere declined to pay his moiety of the expenses, and Mr. Henderson has gone away in disgust."—*Theatre*.

Said Alick to Labby, now leave you I must,
Unless on the instant you down with the dust.
Said Labby to Alick, the bargain was this,
I win if we hit em, you lose if we miss.
Said Alick to Labby, I might have known well,
He deals with the devil who trafficks with L.

MISS ROSE COGHLAN.

THIS lady ranks amongst the few capable dramatic actresses who have secured metropolitan renown within the past eight years. Miss Coghlan has had the advantage of a thorough provincial training. Her natural gifts are great. She has an impressive presence, and a well cultivated voice. Her command of facial expression is noticeable. She also has the capacity of identifying herself with whatever part she is called upon to undertake. Her impersonation of the heroine in *All For Her* will be remembered by those who have seen it as a most sympathetic and impressive piece of acting. Miss Coghlan is at present the leading lady at Wallack's Theatre in New York. Her distinguished brother, Mr. Charles Coghlan, who is, in our opinion, as clever a writer as he is an actor, has also settled down with our American relatives.

THE RIMAU-DAHAN.

THE Rimau-dahan, the clouded or tortoiseshell Tiger (erroneously called a leopard under its representation on another page), a native of Sumatra, is a very handsome animal; but was until comparatively late years, a stranger to this country. One of the first specimens which visited England was exhibited for some time in a travelling menagerie, where it died. So indifferent, so ignorant were its proprietors, that after its death no trace was found of this unique animal, excepting a tradition that its hide had been cut up for the purpose of making caps for the keepers. . . . It seems to be a gentle animal, in despite of its size and strength, which are greater than those of the ocelots, and nearly approaches the tiger and leopard in those qualities. It is said to spend much of its time upon the tree branches, and to lie in wait for its prey, crawling along a bough with its head resting in the fork of the branches.

A SURVIVOR OF THE "AVALANCHE."

OUR portrait on another page is that of a young officer of that unfortunate vessel the *Avalanche*, one of three who survived its awful disaster. Up to the time of going to press, the promised particulars which were to accompany this portrait have not reached us.

HYBRID ZEBRA AND ITS PARENTS IN THE
BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

It has long been known that the zebra could be successfully crossed with other whole-hoofed animals. At Schönbrunn the ass and the female zebra were crossed twice in a period of forty years, and foals were obtained also from the male zebra and an ass, as well as from zebra-mules and a pony. The interesting specimen of a cross between the Abyssinian ass and the female zebra, as represented in our illustration, was born in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. It is more richly striped than is usually the case in such a cross, though its general appearance inclines rather to its sire the ass than to its dam. Its coat is grey, with a tendency to fawn colour, especially about the legs. The face is striped with vertical lines like the zebra. The ears are of a reddish brown colour, bordered with black and of unusual length. The period of gestation was longer than usual, being about 11½ months, as against that of 11 months in the case of a mule.

NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain the following high-class engravings—Portrait of Miss Julia Stewart, of the T.R. Haymarket, as "Maggie"—English composers (No. 2), Frederick H. Cowen—*Little Dr. Faust*, at the Gaiety Theatre, by Dower Wilson—Coursing at Newmarket, by H. Moor—"With the Brighton Harriers," by J. Sturgess—Scenes from a Russian Ballet at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg—Our Captious Critic—Sketches from the Lord Mayor's Show—Howard Paul and some of his character impersonations, by Matt. Stretch—"Metz," October 28, 1870—a Drawing from the Celebrated Picture by Protas—Scenes from Famous Plays (No. 13), Shakspeare's *King Lear*—England v. Mexico, by J. Sturgess—"The Hunters' Home"—"The Lord Mayor's Show," by H. Petherick.

ON Tuesday next the 13th inst., a concert will be given at the Langham Hotel, for the benefit of Mr. A. Miles, R.A.M., organist of St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, who is very seriously ill and unable to continue his professional duties. Several first class artists will give their assistance.

EXTRAORDINARY OVATION TO BARRY SULLIVAN.—Last evening the incoming mail steamer brought amongst its motley crowd of travellers Mr. Barry Sullivan, whose arrival was made the occasion of a demonstration which must have been in a high degree gratifying to that gifted gentleman. The Lord Mayor awaited Mr. Sullivan's arrival at the Westland-row terminus, outside of which a crowd numbering not less than 5,000 persons had collected. Mr. R. M. Levey, of the Theatre Royal; Mr. Michael Gunn, T.C., Mr. C. Doherty, Mr. R. M. Sadlier, and Mr. D. Cartan were amongst those we noticed upon the platform when the mail drew up, fifteen minutes behind her appointed time of arrival, Mr. Sullivan, though muffled to the eyes, was soon picked out from amongst the other occupants of the saloon carriage, and in response to a hearty ringing cheer he raised his hat. Mr. Gunn formally presented Mr. Sullivan to the Lord Mayor, who welcomed the distinguished Irishman in the most kindly manner. The cheers throughout the station were simply deafening, and were again and again vigorously renewed. The excellent Longford-street band, which had taken up a position within the terminus, played by way of overture "Patrick's Day," but this soon gave way to "See the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. Sullivan and the Lord Mayor reached his lordship's carriage after no mean struggle through the dense masses of the people, and drove off to the Shelbourne Hotel, at which Mr. Sullivan puts up. Mr. Sullivan, who had travelled from Birmingham, was accompanied by Mr. John Amory, Mr. W. H. Hallatt, Miss Caroline Hope, and that gifted young actress, Miss Adeline Stanhope. During the evening a vast concourse of people collected outside the Shelbourne Hotel, and the band alluded to played a varied selection of Irish airs. The shouts of "A speech, a speech!" which were frequently given, failed to secure a response.—From the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, Nov. 5.

THE "DRAMA" IN TORONTO, CANADA.
SEASON 1876—7.

FOLLOWING my annual custom of presenting the patrons of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS with a resumé of theatrical doings in Toronto, I have the pleasure of sketching the Season 1876—7 just expired. It is a pleasant task to have to note, that notwithstanding the unusual pressure of "hard times" (which always affect theatrical enterprises with particular severity) the promises made at the commencement of the season, have with few exceptions been faithfully carried out; and if the season has not been as brilliant as its predecessors, it must be attributed to the absence of any great variety of "stars" upon which success so much depends. The appearances have included all the English talent at present in America (for which a decided preference is shown in this city) in addition to a large sprinkling of talent indigenous to this country.

Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House opened for the regular season in September, with the clever, sparkling comedy of *A Scrap of Paper*, and the amusing petite comedy of *A Cup of Tea*. In the hands of a new company, playing together for the first time, the acting was highly commendable, and in the character of Mdlle. Suzanne, Mrs. Morrison appeared to excellent advantage. The first named piece was elegantly mounted and furnished, and in the studio and conservatory scenes, it would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect, the beauty of design and completeness of effect being artistic in the extreme. Dominick Murray appeared during the opening week in *Willy Reilly* and *Escaped from Sing Sing*, a description of piece very much below the ability and merits of so admirable an actor, as instanced by his splendid impersonation of Pierre La Croche in the *Golden Bubble*, which called forth the opinion of the *Times* critic, that he was one of the few actors who possessed genius.

On the 2nd October *The Great Divorce Case*, was produced, with Sir Randal Roberts in the principal character, which he filled with the success of a moderately good amateur. *Under a Veil* was tacked on to the benefit night, but the *Bart.* failed in any case to create a sensation, or even to leave a favourable impression. Then appeared F. S. Chanfrau, a very clever impersonator of such characters as *Arkansas Kit*, a bowie knife kind of play, and especially Salem Scudder, in the *Octoroon*. In the latter piece he was pleasingly supported by Miss Maude Branscombe, in the character of *Dora Sunnyside*.

Then followed three nights of Strakosch's Italian Opera Company. The principal artists being Miss McCullough (Mrs. Brignoli), Mdlle. Martinez, Tom Karl, and Signor Brignoli. *Faust*, *Martha*, and *Maritana* were the operas presented. Although in many instances the singing and acting were individually excellent, these fine operas as a whole were wretchedly given. There had evidently been no previous preparation, the company having been hurriedly brought together for this engagement, and as might be expected, few, if any, were familiar with their parts, choice passages being omitted, and others sadly mutilated. As for the chorus, it was but a name, and not a reality. Financially, the engagement was a decided success, but from an artistic point of view, it was little above mediocrity, and was the cause of great disappointment, where pleasure had been anticipated. This will tell against Mr. Max on some future visit.

The next appearance was Miss Mary Anderson, a somewhat new aspirant for dramatic honors. The lady is young, and handsome, possessing a striking and commanding presence, and a form and style of feature well adapted for the line of characters she has chosen for representation. Her repertoire has a decidedly ambitious ring about it, and includes Juliet, Parthenia in *Ingomar*, Bianca from Milman's *Fazio*, and Shiel's almost forgotten tragedy of *Evadne; or, the Statue*. In all these difficult characters, Miss Anderson exhibited powers that will after hard study and careful training, place her in a prominent position on the stage. Of the impersonations Parthenia was decidedly her best effort. Juliet probably holding the other extreme. Looking on the impersonations from a general point of view, and taking into account the fact, that the lady's theatrical experience extends little beyond a year, it must be admitted that her proficiency is surprising, and promises well in a not very distant future. The pieces were well supported, and the mounting excellent.

Then followed Mrs. C. P. Bowers in *Mary Stuart*, Elizabeth; *Lady Audley's Secret*;—and *The Jealous Wife* by the Elder Coleman. From the markedly excellent manner, in which, these difficult and varied characters were represented, this lady proved herself an artist of sterling ability, her powerful and impassioned impersonation of Mary and Elizabeth being marked with a tragic force, quite unexpected. The engagement was a success, generally considered, and a revisit, promised next season, will no doubt meet with increased patronage.

After so long a run of the "legitimate" we next ventured into the "modern" field of humorous impersonation, in the person of J. T. Raymond in his now celebrated *Col. Sellers*. The play is a dramatised version of Mark Twain's *Golden Age*, possessing little or no merit, other than that of affording opportunity for the introduction of *Col. Sellers*, with his gigantic speculations in corn, hogs, and "eye water," each scheme having untold "millions in it." The plot of the piece is hardly discernible, nor does it appear why *Col. Sellers* should so constantly present himself throughout the piece, as he invariably does so just in time to

prevent the plot being seen. Mr. Raymond in this part, proved himself a comedian of a very humorous kind and in his creation of the character does not seem to have lost a single point with which the authors invested the part. The week was one of continuous laughter and enjoyment, and the result, generally considered, a success. We are to have another visit, when he will be greeted with bumper houses, as the acquaintanceship is worth improving. In connection with this piece it should be mentioned that the mechanical arrangement of the first scene "where the first" speculation was "blown up" was very good.

Our next visitor was Miss Kate Claxton, who appeared in *Conscience*, and the *Two Orphans*. This lady's name is most intimately associated with the character of Louise, in the *Two Orphans*, a part that is specially adapted to her ability and physique, and one she has made her own. In *Conscience*, which is one of the modern "emotional" pieces, now the order of the day on the other side of the line, there is no scope for fine acting, it is lacking in any great plot or purpose, and consequently Miss Claxton fails to make any marked impression, but even assuming otherwise, the piece is not suited to that lady, nor is it possible to believe her really at ease in any character but that of Louise, the peculiarities of which must always be prominent in other pieces of the "emotional" description. Her Louise is a marvellously realistic impersonation, and one that stamps her as an artist of the very highest order. The week's engagement was

Pique and Divorce, plays that have attained considerable popularity, notably the former. The company was one of the best that we have yet been favoured with, and they met with decided success. A revisit took place later in the season, when pieces called *Lemons* and *The Big Bonanza* were produced. The pieces were elegantly dressed and mounted, and the engagement a successful one throughout.

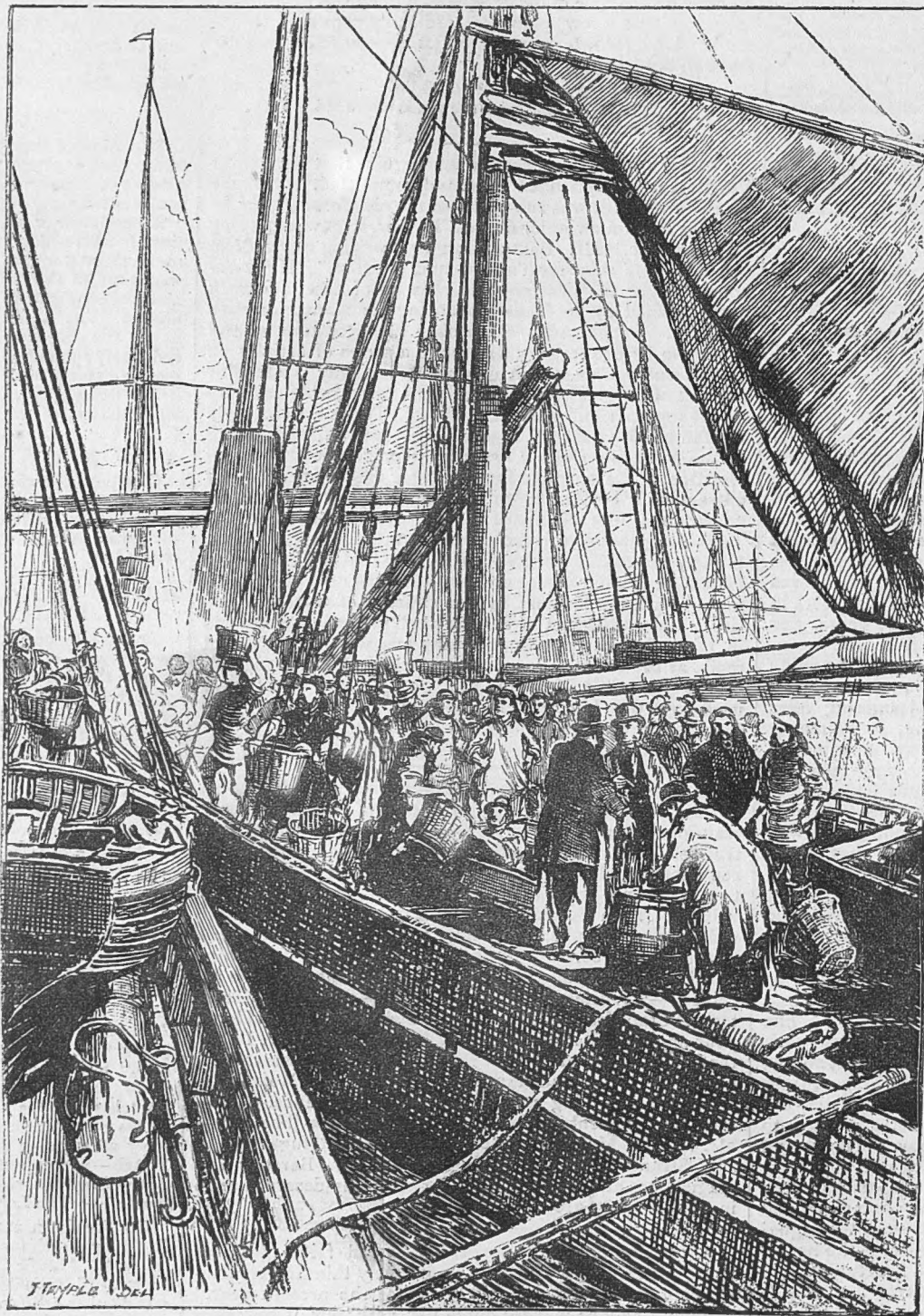
The festive season of the year having arrived when pantomimes are the rule, the management produced the nearest approach to a pantomime that they could find, viz., *The Palace of Truth*, by W. S. Gilbert. The character of the piece created scope for elaborate scenery, and the introduction of a very clever danseuse, Mdlle. Bonfanti, and a pleasing ballet. The play was acted throughout in a very commendable manner. It is just a matter for reasonable doubt as to whether the "point" of the piece was clearly understood, the idea and plot of the comedy being so novel, but that apart, the production was pleasing, combining good acting, good dressing, and scenic effects on a most liberal scale.

Then commenced the most brilliant engagement of the season, Miss Neilson, who appeared on the 2nd January. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which she was received, the cheers of welcome, from floor to ceiling being so hearty and prolonged, that to forget the occasion would be difficult indeed. She repeated her celebrated impersonations of Juliet, Rosalind, and

Pauline, and added another triumph to her repertoire in the character of Viola in *The Twelfth Night*. The creation of a new part, or the revival of plays so long laid aside as *Twelfth Night* and many others, is always calculated to excite public expectation, and especially so when undertaken by so brilliant an artist as Miss Neilson. In her hands Viola was a living character, and so beautiful that it seemed as if Shakespeare's heroine had assumed life, and stood before us on the stage. The revival, from every point of view, was a genuine success, and from the care bestowed upon the creation of the part, the clear conception of the motives of the play, and intelligent interpretation of the lines, combine to give a place for the new character amongst the many triumphs already achieved by Miss Neilson. It is doubtful, however, if the character will ever be as popular as Juliet, or in fact of any of her other assumptions, as the character of Viola is not an all-absorbing one; the other characters have a very large share of the action of the play depending upon them, as for instance, Sir Toby Belch, which part in the hands of a good actor, is likely to more than share the "honours." On this occasion the part was well bestowed upon an old veteran, Mr. C. W. Couldock, whose rendition it would be difficult to excel, if even to match. Miss Neilson's visit was repeated later in the season, when in addition to Juliet, Rosalind, and Julia, she presented another new character in Imogen, in *Cymbeline*. It is somewhat difficult to speak of this new part other than that it was a beautiful representation, with just a something wanting to make it complete. This must be attributed to the fact, that the play has only been presented on three or four occasions, and Miss Neilson has not had sufficient time to perfect a part so difficult of interpretation, and of which there is no model on the stage at the present time; notwithstanding this, however, it is fair to assume that with her usual indomitable energy she is bound eventually to carry Imogen amongst her other brilliant successes. During both engagements Mr. Eben Plympton, a very promising young actor, rendered admirable support in Romeo, Orlando, Claude Melnotte, &c., his Sebastian, in *Twelfth Night*, being an exceedingly pleasing performance, which was considerably heightened by his excellent make-up, which was so nearly like Viola, both in feature, form, and manner, as to give the couple an actual "twin-like" appearance. The pieces throughout the both engagements were excellently supported and mounted, and the result, financially, can be imagined when it is mentioned that the house was packed night after night with the most brilliant audiences.

After a week of the Kerafly Brothers' *Round the World in Eighty Days* combination, which met with great success, the celebrated English comedian, Geo. F. Rowe, appeared in his new comedy, *Brass*, and as the famous Wilkins Micawber. In the comedy *Brass* there is little or nothing worth noticing. It is amusing occasionally, but as a whole, it is not a brilliant effort, the piece being uneven, without any intelligent plot, and very poorly constructed. As Wilkins Micawber, he appears to more advantage, additionally so after comparison with *Waifion Stray*, and always affords hearty enjoyment to those wishing to see an artistic performance, and to indulge in a good hearty laugh. The scenery was excellent, especially the Canterbury Cathedral, and the engagement a decided success.

During three nights of the following week, *Forbidden Fruit* was presented by Dion Boucicault's Company, specially selected for the piece. The play is an adaptation from the same French piece that has already done duty as *The Great Divorce Case*, *The Brighton Scandal*, and a New York play, called *Life*. None of the latter pieces can bear comparison with *Forbidden Fruit*, as an amusing production. The situations interspersed throughout the play are of the most perplexing and embarrassing nature, but still never suggest improbability. The dialogue is crisp and sparkling, and the fun of the most uproarious description. Mr. Wm. Herbert (who supported J. L. Toole on the occasion of his visit here) was immensely happy as Sergeant Buster, and com-



SPRAT BOATS AT BILLINGSGATE.

pleasingly successful, and the scenery was of a very appropriate description.

After a week of the sprightly Beauclerc Sisters, in the burlesque of *Ixion;—or, the Man at the Wheel*, which was well produced, we returned again to the "legitimate," in the person of the celebrated Madame Janaushek, who appeared as Mary Stuart, Deborah, Lady Macbeth, and the dual part of Lady Dedlock and Madame Hortense, in an adaptation of Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*. Her powerful and artistic rendering of these characters were in her best style, nothing being wanting to render complete and beautiful a series of representations, which she has clothed with a dignity and lifelike reality seldom seen on the stage. The engagement was not so liberally patronised as might have been expected, which must be attributed to the fact of her name being comparatively new to theatre goers here, who always fight shy of all stars who are not well-known. The scenery was appropriate, and the dressing very good.

Then followed Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, in *Kenilworth*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in each of which they acquitted themselves in a manner deserving of considerable praise. In the character of Sir John Falstaff, Mr. Walcott was exceedingly happy, the impersonation being fairly in keeping with the text, and if it was not too well done in some parts, it was never over done.

The Fifth Avenue company of New York appeared next in

pletely brought down the house. It was a successful engagement, and was afterwards repeated with like results.

Then appeared the New York pet. Mr. H. J. Montague, in *False Shame* and *Our Idol*, supported by Miss Alice Wyndham (sister of Charles of *Brighton Scandal* fame). As Lord Arthur Chilton, he surprised everybody, by the peculiar neatness of his impersonation, both as regards style and manner, such school of acting being new to most theatre goers here. As Jack in *Our Idol*, he made his mark, and it is hoped that he will visit us again. Then followed Miss Louise Pomeroy, another *débutante*, so to speak, as she has been upon the stage but six months. She has entered into the "legitimate," as most aspirants do, and judging from the characters presented, it is fair to say that she exhibited powers of great promise, but they are crude, and require time to eradicate their many faults, the principal being a decided imitation of a celebrated actress who lately appeared here. She appeared as Juliet, Rosalind, Pauline, and Lady Macbeth. The engagement was reasonably successful, and will improve on a future visit.

The *Almighty Dollar*, with the genial couple, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, appeared next. These versatile comedians (if that term will answer both) are pretty well known, and have a well-earned reputation. In this amusing piece, which is of the *Col. Sellers* type, but of a superior kind, they have added another triumph to the many they now enjoy. The engagement was one of the most enjoyable of the season, and was a marked success.

On the 8th of May, the centenary of the production of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, the piece was produced simultaneously with other cities in commemoration of the occasion. In the part of Lady Teazle, Mrs. Morrison has long been counted one of the finest impersonators on this continent, and it is quite certain that her Lady Teazle is marked with so many excellent points as to fully entitle her to a forward place. With this production (in which, by the way, F. B. Warde was Charles Surface) the season closed.

At the rival house, the "Royal," they have enjoyed their proverbial ill-luck. They made a good start, and with the customary bright expectations, which were never realised, and the house was opened at different intervals only. The principal appearance was Jarratt and Palmer's *Julius Caesar*, which was supported by E. L. Davenport (father of Fanny Davenport), Lawrence Barrett, the rising tragedian, and F. B. Warde. The play was excellently produced, and met with success. Then followed after a long interval, *Dan'l Druce*, by the same enterprising managers, but it was not a success, being very poorly supported indeed, the company being little above mediocrity.

The principal and only conspicuous appearance was Sothorn, who appeared as Dundreary, Brother Sam, David Garrick, in the *Hornet's nest*, and as Fitzalmond in the *Crushed Tragedian*, which originally was called *The Prompter's Box*. Each was in Sothorn's best style, and the success was a brilliant expression of public approbation.

This closes our 1876-7 season, and viewing it generally it has been a good one. Our next promises equally well, the list of



CHARLES KEMBLE—(From a Contemporary Sketch).

artists for the Grand including Dion Boucicault, Fanny Davenport, George Rignold, as Henry V., E. A. Sothorn, Kellogg Opera Troupe, J. T. Raymond, W. J. Florence, and others; a *resume* of which I shall be pleased to furnish the "Illustrated" at the close of the season. GREGOR N. ROSSIM.
Toronto, Canada, September 17, 1877.

NOTES.

MAJOR WILLIAM AUSTIN, one of the few survivors of Waterloo, died on Friday at his residence at Bath, in his 83d year.

LETTY LIND, who is well-known as a very clever little actress and dancer, and troupe have gone into the provinces for a brief tour, and will appear at Liverpool to-night.

MISS KELLOG has appeared at a series of concerts and in opera at San Francisco, and failed. Miss Cary scored all the honours. The San Francisco correspondent of the *New York Times* is our authority.

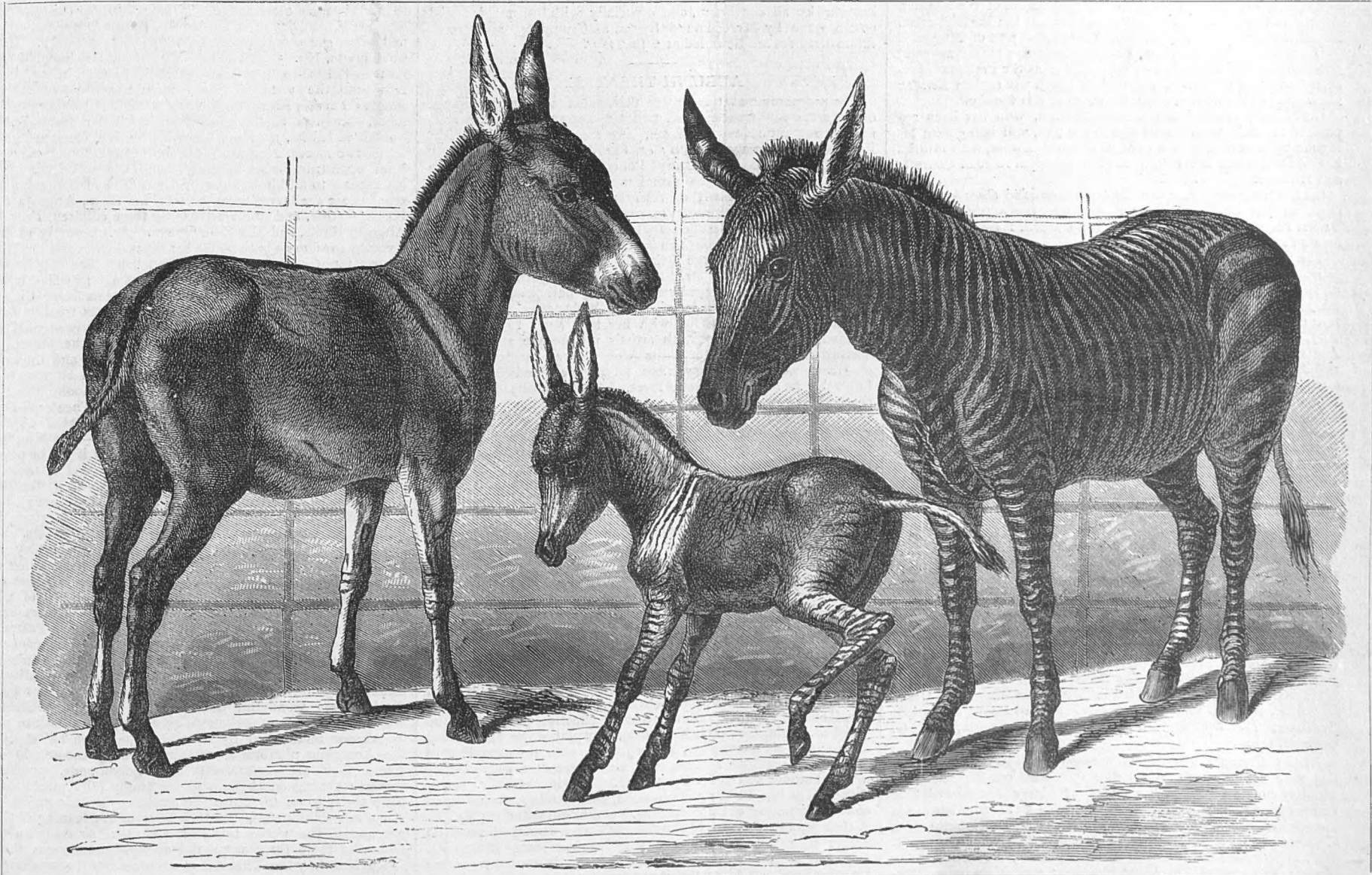
THE annual assault-at-arms of the London Swimming Club was held at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Saturday evening, and the members of the Royal Berks Yeomanry Lancers, Hertford Yeomanry, Uxbridge Yeomanry, Thames Rowing Club, City Gymnasium, and Broad-street Gymnasium will take part in the exercises.

A MEETING of the London Athletic Club took place on Saturday last at the club grounds, Stamford Bridge, when a five mile handicap was run. Though the day was an off day, and the attendance extremely poor, the handicap is worthy of notice owing to the fact that J. Gibb, a member of the club, starting from scratch, won the race in the fastest amateur time on record, viz., 26 minutes 24½ seconds, W. M. Colson, of the same club, with a start of 1 minute 45 seconds being second, the best amateur's time on record hitherto having been accomplished by Mr. Tuller, L.A.C., who runs in the ten miles race of Saturday next at Stamford Bridge, his time for five miles being 28 minutes 36 seconds, when, however, he was going for a longer distance. The fastest known time for a professional runner for five miles is 24 minutes 40 seconds, which was done by the famous Jack White many years ago.

IN Hamilton-square Gardens, Liverpool, on November 1, 1877, Lord Tollemache, of Helmingham, unveiled the recently-erected statue of the late John Laird, by Mr. Albert Bruce Joy, and Birkenhead responded willingly to the call to do honour to the memory of one of its most revered citizens and benefactors. The event has been looked forward to with an interest which was enhanced by the knowledge that in the natural course of things it would furnish a last opportunity of general and public testimony to the worth and services of the late member for Birkenhead. An immense concourse, numbering fully from 10,000 to 12,000 persons, occupied the street immediately fronting the statue throughout the proceedings, and although the crush was at times excessive, no accident occurred. Local papers speak of the statue's artistic qualities in high terms.

A SERIOUS accident happened at Tingewick, near Buckingham, this week to the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, wife of Captain Grosvenor, formerly

M. P. for Westminster. Mrs. Grosvenor was out with the Heythrop Hounds. Her horse fell as it was taking a fence, and as Mrs. Grosvenor was getting up from the ground kicked her on the forehead, doing her considerable injury. She was immediately removed to Captain Grosvenor's hunting-box at Brackley, in the neighbourhood of the scene of the accident.



HYBRID ZEBRA AND ITS PARENTS IN THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE DRAMA.

THIS week has been comparatively quiet in the theatrical world and devoid of novelty, with the single exception of a new version by Mr. Flaxman of *L'Avengle*, produced under the title of *Light*, at the first Gaiety Matinée last Saturday, for the benefit of Mr. J. H. Barnes, who appeared as the suffering hero of the story, struck with blindness, a part he had successfully represented at the Park Theatre some months ago, in another version of the same play.—Mr. Hermann Vezin, on the present occasion sustained the character of the kind-hearted hunchback Dr. Darcy, formerly embodied by Mr. Creswick at the Park.

Two other noteworthy events are deserving of permanent record, the first as an unprecedented occurrence in dramatic annals; viz., the attainment of its gothic consecutive representation of Mr. Byron's comedy of *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville, which took place on Friday night last, when Messrs. James and Thorne, after a long and well deserved holiday, resumed their original parts of Perkyn Middlewick and Talbot Champneys.—Mr. Garthorne, who very commendably sustained the latter part during Mr. Thorne's absence, now replaced Mr. Philip Day as Charles Middlewick, originally played by Mr. Charles Warner. The other characters are represented as before. And, secondly, the novel innovation of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, by Mr. Mapleson, on Monday evening, for an autumn season of Italian operas at cheap and popular prices.

Saturday night, for the first time for some weeks, was without a *première*, and no changes have been made at any of the leading theatres.

At the National Standard, Mr. T. C. King having appeared in a round of Shakspearean characters, terminated his engagement on Saturday night, and on Monday evening Mr. Boucicault's drama, *After Dark*, was revived here with all the Adelphi effects, and has been repeated during the week with great success.

Owing to the popularity of Mr. Cave's impersonation of Conn, at the Marylebone, *The Shaughran* has been continued another week.

The Park Theatre, where *Romeo and Juliet* continued to be represented up to Wednesday night, was closed on Thursday and last night to allow the extensive preparations made for the revival here to-night of Mr. Halliday's drama of *The Great City* to be completed.

The plays under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, are increasing in popularity. On Tuesday, *London Assurance* was represented with a very efficient cast, including Mr. W. H. Stephens as Sir Harcourt, Mr. H. Standing as Charles Courtley, Mr. C. Wyndham as Dazzle, Mr. Lionel Brough as Lawyer Meddle, Mr. Righton as Dolly, and Miss Henrietta Hodson as Lady Gay Spanker. £200 a Year and *Isaac of York*, both supported by the company from the Globe, were the pieces selected for Thursday.

At the Alexandra Palace, the Globe company appeared in *Stolen Kisses* on Monday.

At the second Gaiety *matinée* of the season to-day, the performance for the eighth annual benefit of Mr. S. Hayes, of the West-end Box-Office, Regent-street, will consist of *The School for Scandal*, with the following unusually strong cast:—Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. W. Farren; Joseph Surface, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Charles Surface, Mr. C. Wyndham; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Harry Cox; Crabtree, Mr. J. G. Taylor; Trip, M. Marius; Sir Oliver, Mr. R. Atkins; Careless (with a song), Mr. A. Matthison; Snake, Mr. Barsby; Moses, Mr. L. Brough; Rowley, Mr. R. Cathcart; Lady Teazle, Miss Henrietta Hodson; Maria, Miss Eastlake; Lady Snervell, Mrs. Bernard Beere; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Leigh Murray.

The other morning performances to-day will comprise *The Moonstone*, at the Olympic; *Engaged*, at the Haymarket; *An Unequal Match*, at the Prince of Wales's; *Chrypis and Stolen Kisses*, at the Globe, and the regular afternoon performance of *London Assurance* (last time) at the Aquarium.

The only event for to-night is the production of the late Mr. Arthur Halliday's drama of *The Great City*, at the Park Theatre. Mr. McIntyre is engaged to sustain his original part of Moggs.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Phelps commences his engagement at the Aquarium Theatre, and will appear as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in *The Man of the World*, which will replace *London Assurance* at the afternoon performance at this theatre.

On Monday evening, Mr. Charles Morton, who has been appointed the new manager at the Alhambra, will inaugurate his régime by a revival of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, with Mdles. Selina Dolaro and D'Anka, in the two principal rôles of Clairette and Lalange.

On the same evening a new first piece entitled *Once in a Century*, written by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the music by a Mr. Vivian Bligh, will be produced at the German Reeds' entertainments at St. George's Hall.

The long-announced performance for the benefit of Mr. Horace Wigan will take place at Drury Lane Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday next. The voluminous and varied programme is of the miscellaneous order, comprising an act from each of several pieces, now current or recently played at other theatres, viz.—*Family Ties*, by the Strand company; *Pink Dominos*, the Criterion; *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, by Mr. Hollingshead's company; and *Engaged* from the Haymarket. Mr. Phelps will appear as Cardinal Wolsey in a selection from *Henry VIII.* *The Beggar's Opera* will be performed, with Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Rachel Sanger, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. E. Terry in the principal characters. Mr. Hermann Vezin will recite Edgar Poe's poem, "The Raven;" Miss Amy Sedgwick will recite "The Old Arm Chair," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Mr. Righton will contribute his popular song, "I haven't the least idea," and Miss Rose Hersee will sing the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*.

Saturday next, the 17th inst., there will be another special morning performance of the *Pink Dominos* at the Criterion.

Two morning performances of *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville, are announced for Saturday next and Saturday week.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

The Opera Comique opens under the management of Mr. D'Oyley Carte, next Saturday, 17th inst., when the new comic opera, by Messrs W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, will be produced under the title of *The Sorcerer*, and in which the principal characters will be sustained by Miss Alice May, Miss Giulia Warwick, Miss H. Everard, and Mrs. Howard Paul; Messrs G. Bentham, R. Temple, R. Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun.

At the Olympic, *The Moonstone* will be represented for the last time next Saturday night, the 17th, and on the following Monday evening Tom Taylor's play of *Henry Dunbar* will be revived for a limited number of nights, with Mr. Henry Neville in his original character, supported by Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Clement Austin; Mr. Robert Pateman, as Carter; Mr. W. J. Hill, as Jerrams; Mr. G. W. Anson (specially engaged), as the Major; Miss Gerard, as Mary Madden; and Miss Bella Pateman, as Margaret Wentworth. The play will be preceded by *A Rough Diamond*, in which Miss Gerrard, who is now playing Nan so successfully in *Good for Nothing*, will essay the character

of Margery, and Mr. W. J. Hill appear (for the first time in London) as Cousin Joe. Mr. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide* will be produced, for the first time at this theatre, on Saturday, the 22nd December, and new comedies by the last-named author and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are also announced.

At the Princess's *Guinea Gold* will be withdrawn on Friday week, the 23rd instant, and on the following evening, Saturday, the 24th, Miss Heath returns from her provincial engagements, and re-appears in her great impersonation of Jane Shore.

A musical extravaganza, under the title of *Shooting Stars*, being a new version by Mr. Burnand of Herve's *Laila Crevé*, is in preparation at the Folly.

The next novelty at the Alhambra, as the Christmas piece, will be a spectacular version of *Le Diable à Quatre*, Mr. Farnie supplying the new English libretto. *Le Diable à Quatre* was a few years ago one of the great ballet triumphs of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the Lumley régime, and an English dramatic adaptation has frequently been performed at the Adelphi, Princess's, and other theatres, under the title of *The Devil to Pay*. Madame Celeste, at the first-named house, being the original representative of the humble, dance-loving wife of the cobbler, temporarily transferred into a countess, while the haughty and imperious countess is transferred to the cobbler's stall to undergo the process of taming at the hands of the astonished Crispin, Petruchio.

Louis XI. will be the next revival at the Lyceum, with Mr. Henry Irving as Louis.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

The present season at this theatre will terminate next Saturday, the 17th inst., as on the following Monday Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) commences her provincial engagements at Manchester. Those who have not already seen Miss Bateman's deeply impressive and highly-finished impersonation of Sarah Leeson, the heroine of the new play, *The Dead Secret*, as adapted from Wilkie Collins's novel, ought to avail themselves of the few opportunities remaining during the coming week. Besides the rare excellence of Miss Bateman's interpretation of the mental struggles of the conscience-stricken mother, under the "Dead Secret," the cleverly sustained delineation in accent, tone, and manner of Joseph Buschman, a German artisan, by Mr. Edmund Lyons, and the quaint drollery of Mr. Odell, as the loquacious and tautologous butler, Munder, are likewise well worth seeing. The prevailing sombre tone of the play has been greatly relieved by a new farce, entitled *Just my Luck*, by Mr. Alfred Maltby, which has recently been added to, and concludes the programme. Although of the slenderest materials, *Just my Luck* is a lively and amusing sketch, provocative of much mirth from the incessant ill-luck which attends all the doings of the principal character, Mr. Muffington Crumpets, a retired baker. Having taken up in his leisure the fad of mesmerism, he experimentalises on the servant, Matilda, with an effect disastrous to Mrs. Crumpet's choicest china; then, while bathing, Crumpet's clothes are stolen, and he steals back to his home in a motley suit provided for him by a friendly fisherman. Here a fresh series of misfortunes overwhelm him; he is found kissing his daughter, Letitia, by her lover, Captain Dunn, who mistakes him for a rival, and proceeds to chastise him, previous to throwing him out of the window. He is next taken for a rival by a real fisherman, Mike, the lover of the servant Matilda, and undergoes much knocking about at his hands; and the climax is reached when his wife taxes him with infidelity; Mrs. Crumpet's jealousy being aroused by a letter she had picked up, which is signed with the initials M. C., and addressed to Matilda, arranging for an elopement. When at their worst—all things come right as usual. Captain Dunn and Mike find out their blunders in mistaking the master of the house, in his unwonted costume of a fisherman, for their respective rivals and apologise for their violence. The letter which caused Mrs. Crumpet's jealousy had been written by Mike to his sweetheart Matilda, by whom it had been dropped, and harmony is restored between Mr. and Mrs. Crumpets. The farce is acted with much humour by all concerned, and especially with great spirit and comic verve by Mr. Edmund Lyons, as Crumpets, whose continual disasters are bewailed as "Just my Luck."

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The programme at this theatre underwent a complete change on Saturday night week, when two well-known pieces, Mr. Burnand's romantic two-act drama, *The Deal Boatman*, and Mr. Boucicault's drama, *Formosa*; or, *the Railroad to Ruin*; both originally produced at Drury Lane, were revived with an amount of success which promises a renewal of their former popularity, and justifies the present revival-policy of Mr. Chatterton. The main action of the simple story of Mr. Burnand's domestic drama, resembles that of *Little Em'ly*, and the powerful character, Jacob Vance, the Deal Boatman, originally created by the late George Belmore, is another Dan'l Peggotty, and is now sustained by Mr. Emery, with all the jovial cheeriness, in the first act, and rugged and touching pathos subsequently, when borne down with grief, Jacob seeks after his adopted daughter, Mary, who has fled with her true lover to be secretly married, that characterised this artist's picturesque and finished portrait of Dan'l Peggotty. Miss Alma Murray enacted the part of Mary, with quiet grace and intelligence, and Mr. Luigi Lablache as her aristocratic lover, Edward Leslie, looked the character to perfection, and acted with gentlemanly ease and refinement. Mr. Boucicault's drama, *Formosa*, is revived with great care and completeness. The picturesque scenes of "The Old Swan Boathouse, on the banks of the Thames, the garden of Formosa's villa at Fulham, and the syren's boudoir; the latter, a gorgeously furnished interior, which elicited rapturous applause, and calls for Mr. Chatterton, who had to appear to bow his acknowledgments, as well as the numerous exciting situations and incidents with which the piece abounds, were reproduced with all the effect, and were received with all the favour of old. Prominent among the latter were the storming by the University crews of the Sponging House, where the hero, Tom Burroughs, the Oxford stroke, is confined; and the finish of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race at Barnes Bridge. Strong as the original cast was at Drury Lane, in 1869, the present one, which includes only two of the former exponents, Mrs. Billington as the straightforward and outspoken Mrs. Boker, and Mr. J. B. Howard as the hero, Tom Burroughs, is equally efficient. Mr. Emery is exactly suited in the part of the ex-prizefighter and now trainer, and the landlord of the Old Swan, Sam Boker, first played by Mr. Rouse. Mr. J. G. Shore gives an effective portrait of the polished villain, Compton Kerr, originally played by Mr. Henry Irving; and his accomplice, Major Jorum, with the exception of slight and occasional extravagance, was represented with characteristic humour and spirit by Mr. H. Sinclair, vice Mr. David Fisher. The late B. Wright's creation, Bob Sanders, the returned convict, disposing of little "daws," is now entrusted to Mr. E. J. George, an actor new to London, and who displayed no little ability in the impersonation. The heroine Jenny (Formosa), originally played by Miss Katherine Rogers, is now represented by Miss Leighton with impressive power, consummate refinement, and statuesque grace. Nothing could have been finer or more intensely touching than her acting at the end of the third act, where, kneeling repentant at the feet of her father and mother,

she implores them to take her back home out of the splendid vice in which they are horrified at discovering her. Tom's sister Edith, and the despised but noble-minded Nelly, were agreeably represented by Miss Alma Murray and Miss Hudspeth. Although reserved for the last, a marked success of the representation was the impersonation of the young Earl of Eden, the Oxford coxswain, by the promising young actress, Miss Clara Jecks, who succeeds Miss Maggie Brennan in the part, and at once achieved a marked success for the ease and naturalness of her assumption. The spirit and force of her acting at the close of the second act, when recalling his friend, Tom Burroughs to a proper sense of honour, was at once recognised by the audience, who unanimously called her before the curtain.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—At the Olympic Theatre the Christmas piece is to be the *Turn of the Tide*.—*The Moonstone* will be withdrawn on the 17th.—*Henry Dunbar* will be revived on the 19th inst. at the Olympic, when Miss Gerard will appear for the first time as Margery in the *Rough Diamond*, and Mr. J. Hill will appear for the first time in London, as Cousin Joe.—In May next (Mr. Sothorn is to re-appear at the Haymarket Theatre, as de Lacy Fitzaltamount.—Mr. Buchanan has a severe article in the *Contemporary*, on "fashionable farces" adapted from pieces at the Palais Royal Theatre, the basis of which is always a breach of the Seventh Commandment.—Mrs. Bancroft will represent the Marquis de Rio Zares, the scheming mother and political spy, in *Dora*.—Brief says there is a well-known London actor who is popularly supposed never to go to bed. He was recently discovered sleeping on a sack in Covent Garden, with a half-chewed cigar in his mouth. His presence of mind did not fail him, however. He quoted Marston—

Tobacco, sack, and sleep,

The tide of sorrow backward keep.—

Miss Jenny Hill has received an engagement for the Pantomime at the Westminster Aquarium Theatre.—Mr. E. Jones, a veteran actor, whose most recent success at the Court Theatre in *New Men and Old Acres* will be remembered, died on Thursday last at his residence, 7, Halsey-street, Chelsea, after a brief but painful illness. With the "Court" engagement Mr. Jones completed fifty-one years of service in the Theatrical Profession. Deceased, who was nearly seventy-two years old, up to the time of that illness which has proved fatal, had a wife and daughter dependent on his exertions.—*The Great City* is in preparation at the Park Theatre; Mr. W. M. McIntyre and several others of the original cast having been engaged.—Miss Glyn announces a new series of readings at her residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, from *Hamlet* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The readings from *Antony and Cleopatra* commenced on the 6th inst., to be continued on the six following Tuesday evenings. The readings from *Hamlet* will commence on Friday evening, the 9th inst., and will be continued on the six following Friday evenings.—"A dramatic author" writing on the subject of Mr. Musker and Mr. Gilbert's dispute, says many managers adopt the practice of retaining MSS. for a long time in their possession. They should not engage to receive plays until they are prepared to read them, and having done so they should use what Lord Brougham called the mercy of decision, and accept or reject them at once. Let managers read and accept, or reject and return MSS. which they consent to deal with, and that with as little delay as possible. They cannot want to make enemies.—New comedies by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Gilbert are said to have been accepted for the Olympic.—The will and codicil (both dated August 21, 1877) of Mdle. Theresa Carolina Johanna Tietjens, late of No. 51, Finchley New-road, St. John's Wood, who died on the 3rd ult., were proved on the 25th ult. by Alfred Markby and Charles Green, the executors, the personal estate in England being sworn under £16,000. As the accounts as to the disposition of her property which have already appeared are very misleading, we now give a correct abstract. The testatrix bequeaths to her sister, Henrietta Bell, £1,000; to her sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, £200; to her cousin, Emma Drogemoller, £500; and to her executors £100 each, all free of legacy duty. Her freehold house, No. 51, Finchley New-road, her freehold ground rents in Belsize-road, and her leasehold house, No. 53, Finchley New-road, the testatrix leaves upon trust for her said sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, for life, and at her death to her (testatrix's) niece, Augusta Kruls, absolutely. All her furniture, plate, household effects, jewellery, laces, horses, and carriages, she gives to her two nieces, Augusta Kruls and Maria Bevnigani; £5,000 is left upon trust for her brother, Peter Tietjens, for life, and after his decease to all his children. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves upon trust for her sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, for life, and afterwards for her three children, Fritz Kruls, Augusta Kruls, and Maria Bevnigani. Any property or interest given to any female is to be for her separate use, and free from the control, interference, or debts of any husband. The testatrix declares that she is a naturalised British subject, and domiciled in England.—It may be noted here that it is nearly ten years since the experiment of a winter season of Italian opera was tried in London, and the growing interest in the music would have seemed to have suggested the revival of the experiment at the present time. This has been done at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the first performance of an intended series was given on Monday night.—Mr. J. Birchenough—why isn't he a schoolmaster?—has been favourably received at the Grecian Theatre.—*Light* is to be produced at the Standard.—*The Unfinished Gentleman*, an old farce, is to be revived at the Surrey.—The King's Cross Theatre is now called the Glitter.—*La Cigale* is to be played at the Gaiety.—Mr. Walter Bache's pianoforte recital takes place on Monday afternoon next.—*Liz* will be played at the Pavilion Theatre on Wednesday, for the benefit of Miss Jenny Grainger.—*The Fall of Pompeii*, Julia Woolf's festival overture, is performed at Drury-lane Theatre every evening.—Mr. Sydney Smith's pianoforte recital takes place on Wednesday next.—Mr. W. Laburnum has been engaged for the pantomime season at the Standard.—Mr. John Boosey announces a series of four ante-Christmas concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which is to take place on the 21st instant.—The first of a short series of Saturday concerts has commenced at the Alexandra Palace. The orchestra numbered 50, and the choir 200. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Frederick Archer.—Atherton's dogs at the Aquarium retain their large measure of popularity. The canine Grimaldi, who nightly causes such uproarious laughter, displays very wonderful talent. It is doubtful whether any one of our masters of foxhounds ever has such a task to perform as the one undertaken by Mr. Atherton when he steps upon the Aquarium platform to captain his noisy cosmopolitan crew. There they are—retrievers and greyhounds, poodles and terriers reclining on chairs, and seemingly fully aware that they have much to do to please the exacting British public. Conspicuously exhibited is the truly marvellous leaping of the lean greyhound, the noble retriever, and the spotted Dalmatian. Either of these three wonderful animals could cross the Seine (we will not say the Thames) at a bound, for it seems but puppy play to them to compass the width and height of the large Aquarium stage. Amusing and multifarious as are the evolutions of the smaller animals in this troupe, we particularly point to these principal items of an uncommon performance such as we have

never seen equalled by "artists" of the same species.—"A man without a stick" writes: "I have noticed for some little time, and I daresay you have as well, that the correct 'form' of any one who aspires to be in the fashion is to carry with him to the theatre a cane, either dark or clouded, with a gold or silver top. The appearance of a number of young men all dressed in evening dress, hat on head, coat on arm, toothpick in mouth, and cane in hand, has always struck me with admiration as they walk, in Indian file, into the stalls. Last night I determined to be no longer out of the fashion; and, accompanying two friends to the theatre, each of us provided with an appropriate cane, we applied for three stalls. Alas! sir, there were but two, and I was relegated to the dress-circle, where my stick was at once pounced on by a greedy attendant and conveyed to the cloak-room. In vain I expostulated; I pointed out my two friends, as they entered the stalls, displaying their sticks. The attendant was obdurate, adding that what was *de rigueur* in the stalls was inappropriate in the dress-circle. Can you, sir, explain this anomaly—why that artistic finish which a cane or stick invariably gives to a man, in a place where you never expect to see it, should be denied me because I paid five shillings, instead of ten and sixpence, for a seat?"—The son of the Khedive had the stall at the Strand Theatre next to Count Adlerberg, the second Secretary to the Russian Embassy a few nights since.—Mr. J. H. Barnes took a successful benefit at the Gaiety Theatre. We noted amongst the audience many actors whose presence was no mean compliment, and not a few representatives of dramatic criticism. Mr. Barnes displayed talent of no mean order, and Mr. Vezin's part was played with great skill and finish.—Miss Camille Dubois is on the eve of retiring from the stage.—*La Fille de Madame Angot* will be revived at the Alhambra on Monday with a famous cast.—*Charlotte Corday*, by Mr. J. Mortimer, is now playing at the Britannia.—*Once in a Century*, by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, will be produced on Monday at Mrs. German Reed's always popular entertainment.—The pantomime at Astley's will deal with "Dick Whittington."—Mdlle. d'Anka is re-engaged for the Alhambra.—The date of Saturday last having nearly coincided with that of the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn (which took place on November 4, 1847), the Crystal Palace Concert was rendered commemorative of the event; the programme having consisted almost entirely of works by that composer, the most important having been the "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise), with which the concert concluded. Originally produced (at Leipzig) in commemoration of the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, in June, 1840, it was given in September of the same year at the Birmingham Festival, for the first time in England. Ever since this latter occasion the work has found frequent repetitions in London and the provinces, increased familiarity leading to enhanced admiration of its mingled science, grandeur, and beauty. Its original title was "Lobgesang, eine symphonie-cantate, nach Worten der heiligen Schrift."—The opening piece on Saturday was the overture to *St. Paul*, the first of the two great oratorios produced by Mendelssohn, its date being some four or five years earlier than that of the *Lobgesang*. After the overture Miss Mary Davies sang, with much expression, the air *Jerusalem*, from *St. Paul*, her rendering of which was much applauded. Saturday's concert brought forward a second violin concerto by Herr Max Bruch, which was played for the first time here. The earlier work of this kind by the same composer has been more than once commented on in reference to its earliest performance in England in 1868, by Herr Strauss.

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. Barry Sullivan is playing in Dublin. From the necessity of our letter reaching the printer by Thursday morning, no opportunity exists for more than a notice of two evenings. It is not surprising that the people of Dublin are not agreed on his Hamlet, not having yet recovered from the Irving fever. He was better understood as Richelieu, on Tuesday. But the author presents us with more of the plotter than the statesman. Some reflections on the round of characters promoted, must be deferred till next week.—On Wednesday, *Richard III.*, Saturday, *Macbeth*, with *Money* and the *Gamester* on the intervening nights.—There is something very ruthless, says *Mayfair*, about the shafts of wit occasionally discharged from the gallery. Mr. Charles Mathews has recently been on a tour in the North, playing *My Awful Dad*. The lively farce was preceded by a melodrama, long drawn out, at the prolongation of which the gallery, anxious for the appearance of their favourite, showed much impatience. At length a voice from above was heard to say, "Look sharp, or Charley'll be too old to play!"—We regret to hear that Miss Jane Rignold, whilst skating on the Grand Hotel Rink, at Scarborough, fell and broke one of her legs above the ankle.—In aid of the funds of the County Hospital two very good amateur performances were given at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, last week, upon which occasion Robertson's comedies of *School* and *Ours*, with the farces of *Monsieur Jacques*, and the operetta of *Cox and Box*, were admirably acted. The *corps dramatique* consisted of the following well-known amateurs.—A. W. Anstruther, Esq. (Royal Artillery), Vyvyan Ashley, Esq., T. H. Chapereau, Esq. (late 8th Regiment), C. Colnaghi, Esq., E. Stirling Coyne, Esq., Arthur Drummond, Esq., Captain J. R. B. Drummond (half pay, Indian army) assisted by the following professional ladies, Miss Louisa Payne, Miss Mabel Hayes, Mrs. Charles Jones, and Mrs. Stephenson. The comedies of *School* and *Ours* require good actors, and unquestionably the several parts, female and male, received due justice from one and all. The house was crammed upon both evenings.—Buckstone has been seriously ill. We read that when at the old theatre in Bristol last week, his feebleness increased each night, and on Saturday evening, when he took his benefit, the performance was most painful to witness. He had to be led on to and off the stage on every occasion of his appearance; he spoke most of the dialogue while sitting on a chair to which he was assisted, and he had to be supported while speaking a few parting words and begging to be excused from playing in the afterpiece. We also learn from a contemporary that a physician was telegraphed for to London on Friday week.—Mr. E. Rosenthal has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, withdrawing his services from the Vaudeville Theatre, Norwich.—Mrs. Church, who has been connected for upwards of forty years with the Theatre Royal, Norwich, is lying in a very critical state.—Mr. Henry Robinson's pantomime *Cinderella*, so successful at Coventry last year, will be revived at Newport by Mr. Edward Bell at Christmas.—The same author supplies the pantomime, *Robinson Crusoe*, for Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen.—The pantomime at the Leeds Theatre Royal will be *Jack and the Beanstalk*.—Miss Jenny Beauchamp will play the principal boy part in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Brighton.—An amateur dramatic performance of *The Lady of Lyons* will be given in the theatre, Canterbury, under the management of Mr. Tom Rogers, for the benefit of the Convalescent Fund of the Canterbury Dispensary, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21st and 22nd. The amateurs will be assisted by Miss Grace Armytage. The performance will commence with the *Happy Pair*, with Mr. Courtney and Miss Wiber as Mr. and Mrs. Honeyton. Another amateur dramatic performance will be given on the 29th and 30th instant, under the management of Captain Onslow, when among other well-known lady and gentlemen amateurs, we understand that Mr. Barrington Foote, Major Castle, Mrs. Onslow, and Miss Robertson will appear. Palgrave Simpson's *Scrap of Paper* and the operetta *The Rose of*

Auvergne are in active rehearsal. The proceeds to be divided between the Kent and Canterbury Hospital and the sufferers by the colliery explosion of Upper Blantyre.—*Macbeth* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Monday evening with wonderful completeness and success. The music of Locke and Loder was admirably given. The leading parts were played by Mr. Charles Calvert and Miss Genevieve Ward. Miss Ward as Lady Macbeth was deserving of high praise. The grace of every attitude, even in the wildest whirlwinds of unwomanly passion or violent remorse, was conspicuous in her performance.—Miss Wallis commences her tour on the 12th inst.—*Stolen Kisses* was performed at Brighton on Saturday last.—Miss Florence Wade has made a hit at Exeter.—Mr. Alwyn Maude and Miss Clara Gladys are playing at Wigan.—The pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, is to be *The Forty Thieves*. When shall we have something fresh in the way of subjects for pantomimes?—*Auld Lang Syne*, an original play, was announced for yesterday (Friday), at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh.—Mr. William Hogarth has been engaged for the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield.—Miss Maud Milton is playing with Herr and Mrs. Bandmann.—A grand amateur dramatic entertainment was given on Friday week at the Ipswich Theatre, under the patronage of the Mayor of Ipswich, Mr. Walter Turner, and Major Chichester and the officers of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers.—A drama called *The Wainwright Tragedy*, says the *Stamford Mercury*, being acted at a travelling theatre in Market Harborough a few days since when an accident occurred which narrowly escaped a fatal result. The representative of Henry Wainwright having been duly pinioned and the rope adjusted, was allowed to swing, when the stool upon which his feet should have rested slipped from underneath them. The man was observed gasping and struggling for breath, and he was promptly cut down, but not before he had turned black in the face. We chronicle a similar incident in our foreign musical and dramatic gossip of the week.—A grand amateur entertainment, attended by a large and fashionable audience, was given at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, on Monday evening in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund, and proved one of the most successful entertainments this season. The representation far exceeded what is usually produced on an amateur stage, and a handsome sum will subsequently swell to the Mansion House Fund.

FOREIGN.—From America we hear that an adaptation of *Les Cloches de Corneville* called *The Chimes of Normandy* has been put upon the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, by Mr. Fiske.—Miss Clara Morris is at the National Theatre, Washington, U.S., playing the part of Miss Multon, which she thus describes:—"I walk in from the left, seat myself at a table, and talk. Then I walk in from the left, seat myself at a table, and talk. Then I walk in from the left, seat myself at a table, and talk. A change is coming, I walk in from the right, seat myself at a table, and talk. I do this again. At last I walk in, seat myself at a table in the centre, and talk. Isn't it easy?"—A poetical drama is announced from the pen of the King of Sweden and Norway—to be now in rehearsal at Stockholm. The music is composed by Ivar Hallstrom.—Another monarch, the King of Portugal, whose translation of *Hamlet* we referred to recently, is now translating *The Merchant of Venice*.—Speaking of the numerous reports of Madame Gerster's success in St. Petersburg, the *Figaro* points out that the *claque* is there a triumphant institution; and one prima donna has boasted that she has caused to be bought up all the flowers in the city to be thrown to her in the form of bouquets.—Nym Crinkle, in speaking of Boucicault's new comedy *Marriage*, says that the author "has frozen Mr. Montague into a pink deliciousness like a raspberry ice, and no woman under twenty can look at him in *Marriage* without an irresistible desire to stick a spoon into him."—The *Theatre* says on the first night of *La Traviata* three well-known correspondents in Paris of German papers were at the theatre.—Herr Bridza, of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, Herr Wiener, of the *Tagblatt*, and Dr. Frey, of the *Neue Freie Presse*. The last-mentioned gentleman was in a box with Madame Strauss, the composer's wife, and wrote his critique upon the opera during the performance. Need we state that the critique was not remarkable for severity?—The *Weimar Gazette* announces that on December 15th, 1878, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the celebrated actress, Christiane Neumann, immortalised by Goethe in his elegy, "Euphrosyne," a memorial is to be erected in her memory in her native town of Krossen. A similar memorial was erected two years ago in memory of Corona Schröter, another of the most famous actresses of the brilliant period of the Weimar Theatre. A German version of Théodore Barrère's *Filles de Marbre* will be produced at the Vienna Stadttheater.—Byron's *Manfred*, with Schumann's music, has been performed at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-Main.—Frau Lenka, a young girl of sixteen has made her debut at the Hungarian National Theatre, in Pesth, as Juliet, in Shakespeare's tragedy, with extraordinary success.—One of the Montpeller theatres, the Varietes, was this week burnt down. No lives were lost, but a large amount of property was destroyed.—Miss Blanche Tucker, of Chicago, known in the musical world by the foreign-sounding name of Rosavella, has lately married Signor Marochetti, a son of the director of the Italian Telegraph. Mdlle. Rosavella is under an engagement to sing in London.—James T. Fields tells the following story of an aged Bostonian:—"The venerable gentleman had never read Shakespeare's plays, and was advised to do so. Months after he was asked if he had followed the suggestion. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I have read them all.' 'Do you like them?' rejoined the other, feeling his way for an opinion. 'Like them!' said the old man, with great ardour; 'that is not the word. They are glorious, sir—far beyond my expectation! There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, could have written those plays!'—Mr. Coghlan, according to an American paper not celebrated for its veracity, visited the New York Aquarium two or three weeks ago. Being somewhat tired, he had, all unconscious of danger, taken a contemplative position on the railing surrounding the seal's quarters, permitting his coat-tails to dangle gracefully in the water. The frolicsome seal caught at those coat-tails, and the wearer, not very gracefully, but with great alacrity, went to keep the seal company in the water. The cry, 'Man overboard,' startled the frequenters of the place, and brought a crowd to the seal's quarters. In a few moments the contemplative individual was brought out, a wetter and a wiser man.—From Dresden we hear that the 'Die Meiniger,' troupe, which performs generally at the Court of Meiningen, owes its perfection principally to the Duke, who devotes himself to it with unparalleled zeal. He has gone repeatedly to foreign countries solely for the purpose of studying foreign costumes and house furniture in order to be able to reproduce them on the stage as faithfully as possible. The weapons, for instance, used in the *Hermann Schlacht* are true copies of originals preserved in the Central Museum of German antiquities at Cologne, and those used in *Fiesco* have been in great part purchased from dealers in antiquities in Genoa and Venice.—The oldest scenic artist in New York is Henry Isherwood, of Wallack's. He is (says a contemporary) a bright, genial old gentleman, considerably over seventy, who still yields his skillful brush, but not with the vigour and dash of days of yore. Mr. Isherwood is reported to be very poor, and feeling anxious about the future when he can no longer work, but needs rest. As an artist he is remarkable for his per-

fect knowledge of the effects of light and shade, and the exquisite poetry of his landscapes. Many of the finest scenes ever seen at Wallack's are from his pencil, and some of them have been so very beautiful as to make it a matter of regret that they could not have been preserved. Mr. Isherwood has painted many admirable sketches, some of which we saw recently in Mr. Sothern's study at the Gramercy Park Hotel, which were of high merit. How little credit the scene painter gets for his work, and yet, as in the case of Isherwood, to be worth anything he must be a thorough artist in every sense of the word, skilled in all artistic lore, and every branch of the art of painting and architecture.—We also hear from America that G. L. Fox, poor "Humpty-Dumpty" is dead. His person was strangely suited to the impersonation of clown. It was thin, light, and flexible, although exceedingly beautiful in form. An eminent sculptor once remarked that he never saw a more symmetrical figure than that of Fox. He knew how to subdue his drollery by quaintness, and even by pathetic strokes, which were at times quite touching, and relieved the otherwise monotony of pun, which so often ruins the performance of other clowns. His domestic relations were admirable, for he is known to have been a good son and a good husband. He will be deeply deplored by his profession, and mourned by the public at large, especially by the children. Many a mother, reading of his death, will, with solemn voice, tell the little ones, whose innermost mirth he has so often provoked, "poor Fox is dead, my dears. You remember how he used to make you laugh." Poor Fox!—The late Caroline Bauer resided, in 1829, in England, under the title of Countess Montgomery. It was said that she had contracted a morganatic marriage with Prince Leopold, which was, however, dissolved when the future King of the Belgians was offered the crown of the newly-formed realm and the hand of one of Louis Philippe's daughters. Caroline Bauer refused every pecuniary indemnity, and once more became one of the brightest ornaments of the German stage, which she only left in 1844 on marrying Count Plater, the eminent Polish exile.—Miss Jean Burnside added 70 dols. at the Adams benefit by selling flowers, which were generously supplied gratuitously.—An American contemporary says Edwin Adams is sinking slowly. His devoted wife is with him, and her incessant attention keeps him alive, so to speak. He is lively and fond of old stories, but very wan and weak.—Last week, while acting in *The Texan Ranger*, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, Mr. Robert Johnson, a member of the troupe, nearly met with a shocking death. In one scene he has to pretend to be hung, but, unfortunately, the noose put round his neck tightened, and nearly strangled him. He could not cry out, and it was not until the change of scene that his awful plight was noticed. He was cut down nearly dead, and had to be put into the hands of a surgeon, who had great difficulty in bringing him to life. He has been dangerously ill since.—Miss Ada Dyas is going to San Francisco, with the Union Square Company.—Lydia Thompson and troupe are now at the Eagle.—The Imperial Opera achieved a great success on the 26th ult. with *Sylvia*; or, *the Nymph of Diana*, a ballet in three acts, by Leo Delibes, the accomplished composer of *Goppelia* and of *Le Roi l'a Dit*.—At the Burg Theatre Herr Mitterwurzer recently gave a deeply-studied and elaborate rendering of *Macbeth*, without, however, quite rising to the grandeur of the character. Frau Wolter was superb as Lady Macbeth.—Moser's comedy *Del Hypochonder*, so successful in Berlin, escaped with difficulty a complete fiasco, and had to be withdrawn after the third night.—At the Stadt Theatre Rosen's farcical play *Groessenwahn* promises to enjoy a very long run.—The Carl Theatre has drawn a great prize with L'Arronge's new popular *drame-vaudeville*, *Hasemanns Tochter* (*Daughters*).—The Theatre an der Wien has produced a new and greatly improved version of Strauss's *Indigo* and a farcical play by Costa entitled *Ein Cassa Stück* (*A Draw Piece*).—The Josephstadt Theatre has produced another successful novelty in Anton Langers's *Der Feind im Hause* (*The Enemy in the Camp*), in which the evils of drunkenness are forcibly portrayed.—Madame Essipoff is expected to make Vienna her permanent home.—M. Saint Saens is announced to make a lengthened stay in Vienna.—In Berlin all the theatres and the two rival circus establishments of Messrs. Renz and Salomonsky are doing excellent business. At the Opera Brüll's *Launfriede* has achieved even a greater success than in Vienna, the "Fackeltanz" (torchlight dance) and the finale of the third act being especially admired. A comedy by Felix Dahn, *Staatskunst der Frauen* (*Female Statesmanship*), has proved a failure at the Schauspielhaus, but *Jeanne*, *Jeannette*, and *Jeanneton*, an operetta by Lacomme, has met with such a favourable reception at the Friedrich Wilhelmstaedische Theatre that a run equal to *Fledermaus* and *Fatinitza* is prognosticated for it.—In Munich Doczi's delicious comedy *The Kiss*, and Brüll's new opera *Der Landfriede* have proved equally successful.—In Leipzig *Die Hochlaender* (*The Highlanders*), the new opera by the local composer, Franz von Holstein, has met with a very flattering reception. The work was originally produced at Brunswick.—The Karl Schultze Theatre, in Hamburg, has brought out the Berlin version of *Our Boys* with undisputed success.—A new tenor of great promise is said to have been discovered by Her Polini, the manager of the Stadt Theatre, in the person of a member of a Tyrolean minstrel company, named Conrandi.—In Darmstadt a grand ducal regulation has just abolished the *entracte* music during the performance of comedy or drama. A new novel, "Im Maler Winkel" ("In the Painter's Corner"), is ascribed to the pen of the Grand Duchess (Princess Alice of England).—The New York *Music Review* tells us that among the new lights of the concert stage who have been heard in private with much satisfaction, and is likely to appear in public at an early day, is Mdlle. Bouigny, of New Orleans. She is represented as the possessor of a pure, sweet, and highly cultivated voice, and of great personal attractions.—The cast of Barrère's new drama, *La Centième d'Hamlet*, now in rehearsal at the Théâtre Historique, Paris, comprises the names of MM. Clément-Just, Charly, and Cosset, and Mdlle. Méa. The first performance is expected to take place about the middle of next month.—A monument has been erected at the little Belgian town of Vergnies to the memory of Gossec. The monument bears the following inscription: "In memory of Fr. J. Gossec, called Gossec; the celebrated musician, born at Vergnies, January 27, 1734; died at Passy, February 16th, 1829." On the opposite side are the words: "Presented to the Commune of Vergnies by its burgomaster, M. le Vicomte G. van Leempoel. Inaugurated the 9th September, 1877." After the inauguration ceremony, which included the performance of a cantata specially written by M. Cnuphre Dutront, the house in which the hero of the day had been born was thrown open for inspection, and was visited by a large number of persons. It is told of Gossec that when he was a lad keeping his father's cows he was haunted by the genius of music, and in order to snuffly himself with an instrument on which he might express some of the ideas that teemed in his brain he made himself a violin of a sabot adjusted with horsehair strings. We are not informed what sort of musical sounds he was able to obtain from this novel instrument.—Mme. Annette Essipoff, the distinguished Russian pianiste, has been engaged for forty concerts to be given in various towns of the German Empire, and for which she will receive the sum of 18,000 marks.—A Frenchman thinks that he has discovered that round eared animals love music, and sharp eared animals hate it.

THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.
FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

SITTING in the rain, grimly patient and good humoured, in the midst of his hounds—fifteen and a half couples—with a drizzling rain falling, a leaden sky above, and a misty veil of heavy atmosphere between him and the ancient towers of Windsor, Frank Goodall quietly awaited the coming of Lord Hardwicke to commence the day's sport. A motley crowd gathered about him to witness the Queen's first meet of the season, and as the sportsmen and lady followers of the hounds, joined him in the little enclosure, we noted one by one the more prominent of the more regular followers of the hunt: Bartlett riding his clever bay, Barleythorpe; Mr. Bowen May, the never-absent; Dr. Jones on his well-known grey; Colonel Harford, nobly mounted; Dr. Hermann, a dashing rider; Mr. Gerald Paget, Mr. Seymour Grenfell, Mr. Walker, Mr. Scott, Mr. Herbert and his lady, Mr. Cox of Hillingdon, Captain Knowles, Mr. Hall on a sturdy chestnut, Mr. Walker, Dr. Chamberlain the well-known hunting chaplain, Mrs. Richardson, Captain C. Needham, and many another manly or fair equestrian, amongst whom, however, we vainly looked for Mr. Tattersall.

Her Majesty's buckhounds, originally purchased from the Duke of Richmond in 1813, have from time to time been crossed with hounds from some of the best packs in the country; and their condition when, on Tuesday last, we had the opportunity of seeing them in the field, confirmed the reputation they have fairly won. The deer was Baronet, and he was uncartered at Bayliss Court Farm. There was a great crowd of horsemen, carriages, and foot people present, and the animal sulked for a minute or two, and would not move. When with an angry fling of his hoof and a mighty bound he did, the spectators immediately began to conduct themselves like demented savages, hooting and yelling in anything but heavenly fashion. After three or four bounds the deer declined to face the open, turned sharp to the right, scattered the foot people, went clean over a dog-cart, to the astonishment of its occupants, and, we were told, also "negotiated" a "Vic-



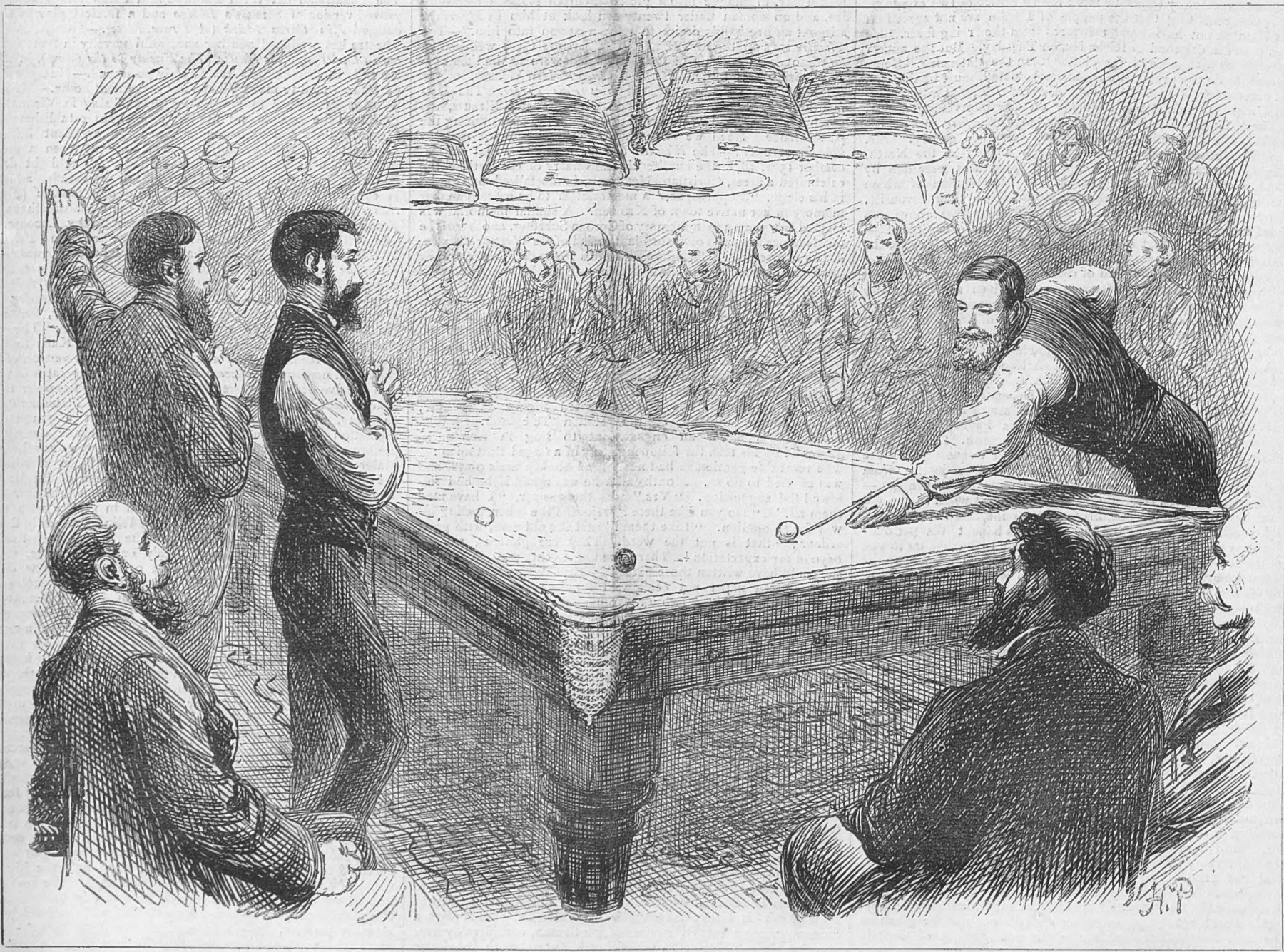
FRANZ ABT.

toria," and a horseman. Be that, however, as it may, "Baronet" got through the crowd somehow, and made for the Slough Railway Station, pursued by the stick-and-hat waving, howling, and hooting crowd, including those horsemen whose ideas of hunting altogether ignored following the hounds. This was, however, contrary to what should be, and two or three good sportsmen strove vigorously to effect an alteration. In about ten minutes the hounds were laid on, the deer emerging from the railway siding, made away to the right of Langley Park, and crossing the rail went over Langley Broom and made for Horton, where he took a bath, the hounds pursuing in a compact mass and full cry. By this time it was evident that the run was to be a stiff one. Across to Staines Moor on the way to Stanwell, with rumours of disasters thickening as the field grew thinner, away we went. A loud burst as a deep brook barred the way made some think that the deer was at bay. But Baronet still had lots of running in him. Clearing a steep bank with a couple of hounds close to his heels, he made gallantly off. At the railway bridge, where he had hoped to cut in with his hounds, Goodall was told that they had just skirted the town, and then made through fields and gardens towards the Thames. "Hark back," was then the word, and the streets of Staines rang once more with the clatter of hoofs.

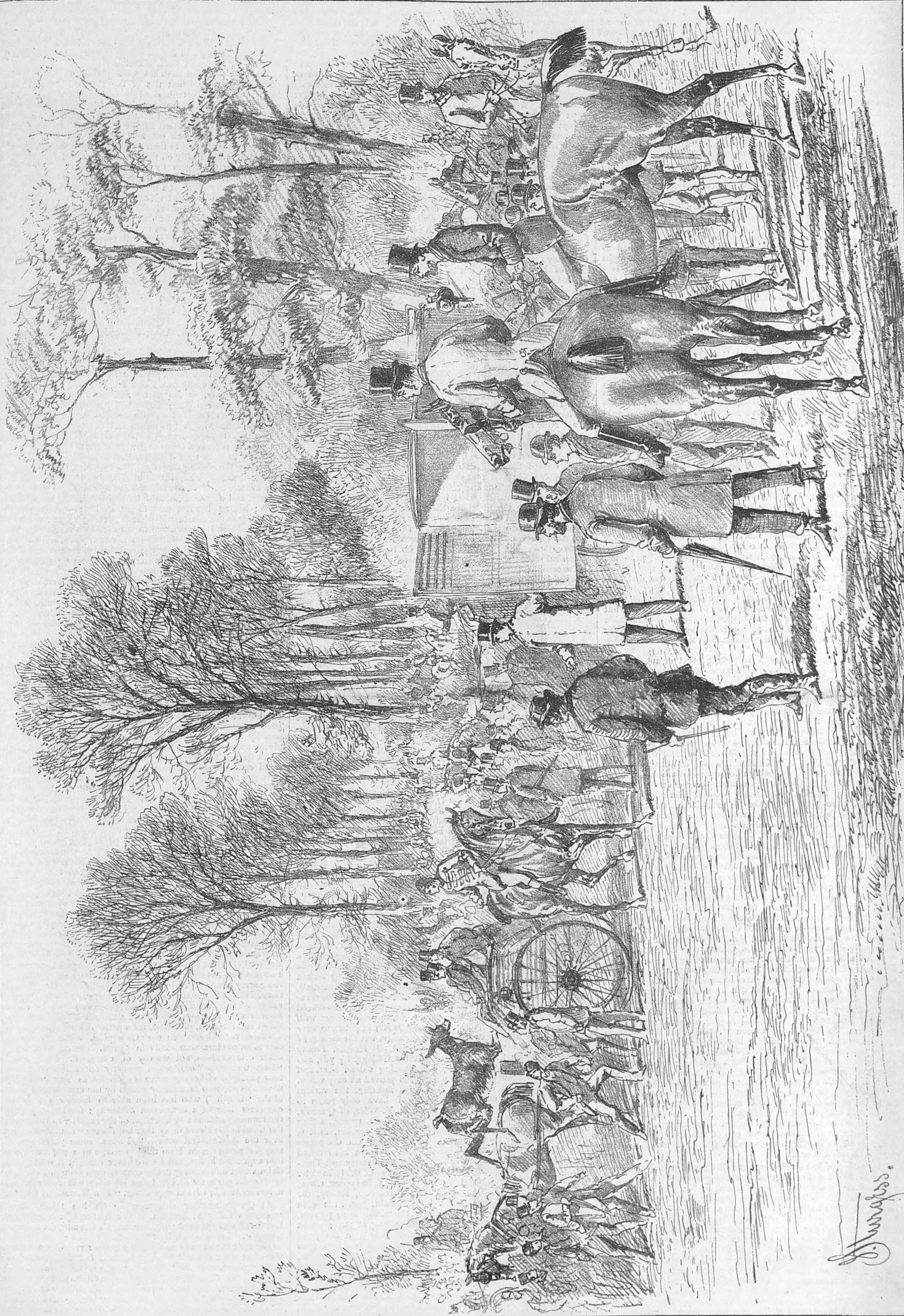
Here many abandoned the chase. Goodall trotted the pack to Chertsey Bridge, to the Surrey side of the Thames and the osier-beds, whence the deer was soon driven into the open. Baronet was finally taken in a chalk pit at Rowton, near Addlestone, in Surrey, after a terrific run of above four hours, over a distance of about thirty miles. The field being diminished to half-a-dozen or thereabouts, and the deer with great difficulty saved from the hounds.

Edwards, one of the whips, fell whilst jumping into a road, breaking his collar-bone, and was taken in a vehicle to Chertsey. Thus finished the first day of the season; with such sport, even the most greedy of sportsmen should be satisfied.

The noble Master, Lord Hardwicke, pulled up with many others when Baronet crossed the Thames. Such a performance at the commencement of the season more than maintain their reputation of the Royal Buckhounds.



BILLIARDS FAREWELL MATCH BETWEEN ROBERTS, JUN. AND W. COOK.



THE FIRST MEET OF THE QUEEN'S STAGHOUNDS—SINGULAR INCIDENT AT THE UNCARTING OF THE DEER.

TURFIANA.

THE perpetrator of the Vandalian act of incendiarism, whereby that classical structure, the West Drayton Grand Stand has been destroyed, is still unknown, but a story reaches us that the Secretary of the Company issuing the policy of insurance upon the building chanced to be travelling, "down West," upon the very day of the conflagration, and overheard two parties apparently "in the know," openly stating the likelihood of such a fate being in store for the unlucky erection. As may be imagined, the "active and intelligent" functionary lost no time in communicating with his directors on the subject, and when his statement was verified, great was the commotion in the office. The claim however, unlike a foreign loan, could not be repudiated, and in the meantime his Excellency Count Bolo was pressing for a settlement, being naturally anxious to "collar the stuff," seeing that in racing parlance, the objection to his recovering the stakes had been overruled. The Company, however, declined to part with the "ready," preferring to adopt the alternative course of reinstating the building in its former grandeur, which will accordingly be done, and inasmuch as the lease of the ground forming the racecourse has expired, with very faint chances of a renewal (as we are given to understand) Count Bolo will find himself in the position of having a stand without anything to see therefrom, save cattle browsing peacefully on the banks of the Colne. An address of condolence should certainly be voted to the former "enterprising" lessee, and the west-end roughs should not fail to come forward with their sympathy and signatures in return for the many days outing with which the meetings at West Drayton were wont to furnish them. The "trapped hare" coursers also owe a debt of gratitude to the Count for his patronage and assistance, and we suggest that the presentation should be accompanied by some solid token of esteem and regard—even if it be only a putty medal.

The Beenhams House Stud will soon take its place among our leading emporiums of bloodstock, Mr. Waring having recently added a new quadrangle of boxes to those first erected on the hill top overlooking the valley of the Kennett. There is now accommodation for over seventy mares, and when all has been made ship shape, there will be no better designed establishment of the kind in England. Soil, climate, and situation are of the best, and the commissariat arrangements leave nothing to be desired, all operations being conducted under one roof, such as pumping, grinding, steaming, boiling, and pulping. The collection of mares is not a very large one as yet, but it is not contemplated to increase their numbers beyond the point when pleasure in the pursuit of breeding ends and the business aspect of affairs comes in. Nothing has so great a tendency to become unwieldy as a stud farm, and we have known more cases than one in which the undertaking has been "turned up" in disgust, mainly because things have been overdone. The Beenhams mares will be widely distributed next season, as more than half of them leave home, their destinations being the "headquarters" of such celebrities as Adventurer, Macaroni, Doncaster, Salvator, Boiard, Mortemer, Flageolet, Hermit, Pero Gomez and others, while a fair share has been reserved for King of the Forest, whose subscription list has already begun to fill. Mr. Waring is no advocate for putting all his eggs into one basket, no matter how great may be his faith in its capabilities, and as it is certain that the public will have variety, it has been deemed desirable to cater for their tastes. Since Thorn's decease, there has been some difficulty in finding a sire to fill the vacancy, but we have reason to believe that overtures have recently been made by the owner of Lord Lyon, to enable the white footed Derby hero of 1866 to take up his residence there for the ensuing season.

Mr. Hume Webster seems to be getting together a large stud of brood mares, and we hear that he contemplates forming a breeding establishment at Marden Deer Park, so that as old hands get weary and retire from the game, more sanguine novices are found ready to fill up gaps in the ranks. It is now, we believe, definitely settled that Macgregor is to come south, as head of affairs at the New Jerusalem in Surrey; Mr. Webster having great faith in the horse, and being determined to give him a chance, which he could scarcely be said to have had in Durham. A combination of Sweetmeat and Venison, and with an admixture of Pantaloon and Emilius, it would be strange if Macgregor were not worthy of his high descent as a racehorse, and this he showed most conclusively on that memorable Two Thousand Guineas day, when Johnny Daley brought him along such a cracker out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom, thereby confounding the judgment of the prophets, who stood Kingcraft almost to a man. We have always regarded Macgregor as a veritable chip of the old block, Macaroni, and there is no reason why he should not get equally good stock, though neither of the celebrities have just the sort of forelegs we should desire to have made to order. At any rate the experiment should be well worth trying, and we trust that Mr. Webster may reap the fruits of his enterprise, and succeed in converting Macgregor into a fashionable sire. In point of blood he would suit the daughters of King Tom, Stockwell, Ratanaplan, Newminster, and others of the "Upper Ten" to be found in the *Stud Book*—no small consideration in these days—when we are well nigh swamped with Bird-catcher and Touchstone mares. Mr. Van Haasbergen will have made no bad bargain in purchasing Macgregor at Mr. Merry's "draft" sale at Doncaster, and the horse will be none the worse for having had a quiet time of it at starting in stud life, and he is now fast approaching the best years of a stallion's life.

The retirement of Springfield will be found fully commented upon in another place, and we only notice his accession to the stud here, to point out how goodly a company of sons and grandsons old Stockwell has left behind him to keep his name green in the land. In the third generation St. Albans has already given us Julius, St. Mungo and a few other sires of lesser note, but with Springfield he may be said to have crowned the edifice, and certainly we may say of him that a grander horse never stood upon iron, and his next door neighbour at Hampton Court, and rival in T.Y.C. reputation, is not a patch upon Mr. Houldsworth's crack, for shape, make, and action. Mr. Scott may well be proud of his charge, and it is unfortunate that the stud book shows such a meagre list of Marsyas mares, only about a score being placed under the name of the old Middle Park and Cobham hero. Mr. Cartwright has one or two of the sort, however, and the cross which produced Springfield should not be neglected by those who run and read.

The racing of last week does not call for any special comment at our hands; but it seems clear that the new venture at Brighton fails to find favour in the eyes of the multitude; and a process of "overdoing" is going on in other quarters, which cannot fail to have a prejudicial effect on sport as a whole. The number of horses in training and of persons interested in their doings, does not increase *pari passu* with the exuberant activity of lessees and managers, and so we shall expect to find one or two speculative meetings go to the wall for lack of vital energy, if not for want of the sinews of war. It is all very well to "crack up" the Little Peddlings of the Turf, and to pat on the back every petty venture as demonstrating the "vitality of the sport;" but there is nothing more melancholy than to have to assist at these so-called reunions at the fall of the year, when horses have been "run through," and too many of their owners "played out."

A veritable dodo has appeared in the shape of a bet on the

Derby of 1878, Beauclerc having been backed at 6 to 1 for that event during the week. Ten years ago speculation was fast and furious at this season of the year; but of late hostilities have been delayed until far on into the new year. We take it, the public are as game as ever to back their fancies, but it is the layers who hold aloof, and decline to open their books, from the apprehension that their would-be clients are too knowing for them. The thirst for "information" has been so successfully allayed through the medium of the press, that its readers expect to be kept informed as to the doings of every Derby horse, and a favourite cannot take a dose of physic without its administration being solemnly recorded, while a cast shoe may affect the sensitive market barometer. Add to this, two-year-old racing has of late years been encouraged more than ever, the result being, save in exceptional seasons, that the "form" of each aspirant for Derby honours is so thoroughly gauged, as to preclude all speculation on outsiders, and as a bookmaker once remarked in reference to his Derby volume, "Tis a bad game, as the public can always pick the winner in half a dozen." In fact, the only chance of getting on anything at respectable odds is to have recourse to that unsatisfactory creature, the amateur bookmaker, who has come forward upon doubtful ground where his professional prototypes fear to tread, and who generally contrives to get things into a hopeless muddle. Law students, civil-service clerks, and undergraduates are the classes from which your amateur bookmaker is found to spring, and though they work hard, their clientele is hardly numerous enough to enable them to "get round;" but they may depend upon it if the game is not good enough for the geni of the Ring, it will not be found worth the candle in more limited spheres of action.

Liverpool cannot be put down as an unqualified success from beginning to end; in fact, the opening day's proceedings were tame in the extreme, and though the successes of Pluton and King Death—an ominous association of names—ought to have helped Whitebait along, the horse only got an "Irish rise," and speculation was very slack and unsatisfactory with the very limited Cup field in prospect. Hackthorpe, a half brother to Harriet Laws, must be a really smart horse to beat Bourgogne colt and others so cleverly, but Ersilia has evidently gone off since the spring. That useful old slave, Hippias, seems a sort of Stanton Jack of all trades, and is one of the few Gladiateurs which have trained on. The other races were rather small beer, but backers could not have done badly altogether, the favourites being mostly to the fore. Nine races made up a somewhat pretentious card on Tuesday, when fields improved in size if not in quality, King Sheppard winning the Molyneux Nursery rather cleverly, and he comes of running blood on both sides. Miss Pool, an own sister to Mrs. Pond, carried the Whittaker jacket successfully in the Liverpool Nursery Stakes; and that aged rogue, Templar, scored his first win from a large field in the Welter, in Colonel Forester's colours, Palm Flower and Lancaster being his immediate attendants. Citizen took the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, in which Congress cut up badly; and Chevon won another race for Mr. Leleu, who has not done badly with his purchase from Colonel Pearson of that gay deceiver. Fame scored another win for Mr. Bentley, and Mirobolante secured the Croxeth Cup for Lord Lonsdale, whose numerical return of wins during the season will be a healthy one.

Concerning Shrewsbury, it is useless to run through the programme in its entirety, and we can only suggest that *Tetrarch* might repeat his last year's victory in the Handicap, without causing any very great surprise, though it may be his owner will not be satisfied with the odds offered him. SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

ATHLETICS in abundance might occupy my attention this week, had I space to criticise them in full, as the Universities have now commenced their annual competitions. First and foremost, however, I must notice the London Athletic Club five miles handicap last Saturday, at Stamford Bridge. This distance, strange to say, is not a popular one, but after the grand performance of the winner, we are likely to find it better patronised. Some few years back an entry was forwarded to the handicapper for the Olney bank holiday sports, with the note from the hon. sec., "a youngster just left school, give him a chance; and that official was fairly" rushed. This "youngster" was liberally treated, and won the principal prize at the meeting in a canter. Several cunning, old athletic generals were on the ground, and they recognised his merits at a glance, the upshot being, that the new comer was induced to join the South London Harriers, and since that period he has had such a career as has fallen to no other amateur distance runner in the world. My Athletic readers must have already guessed I am referring to James Gibb, an athlete who has at a mile and upwards, proved himself a genuine champion, whether on the flat or across country, but it was reserved until last Saturday for him to show his grand staying powers combined with speed over five miles. Naturally placed at scratch, and by many considered unfavourably handicapped, he cut down one by one, a dozen of the best distance runners in the metropolitan district, covering the distance in the unprecedented time of 26min. 13secs., according to the official timekeeper, Mr. W. Waddell; however, other clockers made it slower by 11 1-5 secs. W. M. Colson 1min. 45secs., was a really good runner up, as although Gibb passed him entering the straight, he came again, and made a rare race of it, being beaten only by three-quarters of a yard; the third man, P. H. Stenning, 1min. 25secs. start, being six yards in the rear of Colson. The three named, all bore the initials L.A.C. after their names on the official programme. On Saturday the Oxford season commenced with the Worcester College Sports. The members' competitions were not productive of any extraordinary proficiency, but the strangers' handicap proved very exciting indeed. A. G. Haines, Trinity College, 8½ yds; C. W. Rowman, Exeter College, 8½ yds, and H. P. Alford, New College, 11½ yds., running a dead heat, and upon a second attempt being made, Haines proved an easy victor. Pembroke followed on with a two days meeting, the various events being well contested, although I have only room to notice the Mile Strangers' Race, which R. V. Wise, of Queen's, with 180 yds. start, won by twenty yds. in 4min. 19secs., a time which I counsel my readers to accept with all caution, as it is making the winner very nearly a 4½ minutes man. Ch. Ch. sports were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, but no return has reached me at the time of writing. At Cambridge on Monday and Tuesday, the Freshmen's sports were held at Fenner's. G. B. Hoffmeister of Caius won the hundred yards and quarter. J. Sidgwick, Clare, the high jump at 5ft. 1in.; E. C. M. Thompson, Trinity, the hammer throwing at 67ft. 10in.; J. Wakefield, Jesus, the wide jump at 18ft. 8½in.; F. W. Dodd, Jesus, the hurdles in 19 3-5 secs. and J. Wakefield also secured the weight putting at 32ft.; whilst W. W. Bolton of Caius cantered home for the mile in the good time of 4min. 46 3-5 secs. The handicaps open to others than Freshmen resulted as follows:—200yds, G. Leigh Spencer, Jesus, 9½yds., time 20 4-5 secs; one mile, A. Palmer, Downing, 150yds., time 4min. 38secs. Gale still continues his walk at the Agricultural Hall, he is confident of success himself, but his indefatigable attendants, J. White and G. B. Kirsch have all their work cut out to look after him. On Saturday and Monday evenings there were also bicycle races, and the excitement tended to upset the walker, more especially as some ill-bred bears during

both days persisted in practising round the course until the judges on duty had to forcibly stop them. One paragraph I have to mention will be received with pleasure by all the old school of athletes, who remember the grand performances of one of the best sprinters we ever had, his especial forte being a quarter—it is, "On the 29th of October, at St. Saviour's, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, by the Rev. Charles J. Burland, Edward J. Colbeck of Alexandria, Egypt, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late J. S. Scholes of Crumpsall Hall, Manchester."

No fewer than five matches were played on Saturday last in connection with the first ties of the Football Association challenge cup. At Tottenham, Pilgrims and Ramblers played a draw; the Hawks, at Anerley, defeated Minerva by five goals to two; Great Marlow visited Hendon and beat that team by two goals to love; at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Notts were opposed to Sheffield, when each obtained a goal, the latter team also having a disputed one to their credit, but no result has yet been arrived at; and finally on the Parks the Oxford University team defeated Herts Rangers by five goals to two. Richmond beat Leeds in the old Deer Park on Monday by three goals to love, and the country also lost a match against Cambridge on Tuesday. On Saturday, Westminster School played a draw with old Harrovians; whilst in the provinces, on the same afternoon, after a terrific struggle, Southport defeated Liverpool by one goal, one try, and three touches down to two touches down. Space compels me to curtail my notice of this portion of sport, and therefore those who are left out this week must be content with the chance of a line in the future as a brief summary. I give the following list of matches taken place since my last:—Gipsies beat R.M.A., Woolwich; Walthamstow beat West Kent; Falcon, Bayswater Rangers; Dulwich College, Tonbridge School; Hercules, Arabs; 1st Surrey Rifles, Old Wykehamists; Leyton, Gresham; Bexley, Clapham Carlton; St. Andrew's Rovers, Flamings; Wimbledon, Marlborough Nomads; King's College School, Ants; University College Hospital, Bayswater; *cum multis aliis*.

Rowing at the sister Universities is in full swing at present, but at Oxford, practice has alone taken place; however, the Cantabs have concluded their fours, the final heat taking place on Saturday last, when Jesus easily beat Third Trinity in the final tussle. The feature, however, of the past week, has been the race for 400 sovereigns between Harry Kelley and Joseph Sadler, from Putney to Mortlake on Monday last. Englishmen we are told never know when to acknowledge themselves beaten; even when they have that undefeated opponent old time to compete against, and it is much to be regretted that the friends of these famous scullers encouraged them in their determination to renew the strife of years back, at a time when they ought to have left match making to younger hands. The rivalries of Kelley and Sadler must be too well known, amongst the followers of aquatics who constitute my readers, and therefore it would be superfluous for me to allude to them; besides I never care to irritate or re-open a sore, more especially as the concluding scene of Monday's race must be gratifying to all, and it was a real treat to see two veteran opponents, who for years have had ill blood between them, ere they for the last time vacated their racing craft, row towards each other, and in that genuine grasp, so peculiar to the natives of our "tight little Isle," bury all past and present enmities. However I expect to be reminded that I am not contributing to a Family Herald, or Police News, and therefore hasten onwards with a few remarks upon the contest itself. One o'clock was the time fixed upon for the start, and the spectators both afloat and on the shore, were not long kept in suspense, as barely twenty minutes had elapsed ere at the word "Go" from the lips of Mr. Ireland, both men left their stake boats, and the struggle had commenced. Without any flurry, like the practised watermen they both are, the pair glided away on their journey, rowing dead level for some two hundred yards, when the nose of Sadler's craft was slowly seen to draw away, and at the London Boat House there was daylight palpably between them. At the half mile post Sadler had obtained a lead of quite three lengths, and his friends loudly proclaimed the race as all over. Kelly, however, had proved himself in past years so good a stayer that his partisans did not give up all hope, more especially as just as they made the shoot the elder man, with a plucky spurt, drew up a trifle. Between this point and Hammer-smith Bridge the accompanying or rather on looking flotilla of small craft bid fair to prematurely end the contest, but both men managed to thread their way safely through, Sadler passing under "The Bridge" as nearly as possible half-a-dozen lengths to the good. From this point the race was over, as although Kelly occasionally reduced the gap, it was only on sufferance, as Sadler taking matters easily, never lost his lead, reaching the Ship at Mortlake some seven lengths to the good. I give the time 24 min. 3 secs. for the sake of old precedents, although it is no criterion of the contest, as so frequently is demonstrated. Undoubtedly the better man, on the day, won, but few remarks being required. Kelly was so heavily handicapped in the way of age, that his defeat is not to be wondered at, and in addition he had been on the shelf for a considerable time, whilst his opponent had not retired from actual contests, the advantage of training being therefore all in favour of "Joe," who looked in much better trim than he did when opposed to Trickett for the championship.

Bicycling needs but a brief notice from me this week, the only competitions I shall discuss being those at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday and Monday last. Two of the grandest riders in England (I might almost say the world) competed, or otherwise I should pass the affair over all together; these being Osborne, of the Surrey Club, the coming amateur, and Keen, the professional champion. Mr. Leonard was the promoter, and the programme embraced a Five Miles Handicap (amateur) won by Osborne, from scratch, in 17min. 52secs., and a Fifteen Miles Match between Keen and Rawson, of Derby, for a prize value £25, presented by Captain Willshire, which the Champion, although conceding two minutes start, won easily in 54min. 16secs., together with other competitions not worthy of comment. Fast times and "bests on record" are, when properly authenticated, becoming now perfectly sickening, more especially as any "camel" (as novitiates are now facetiously yclept by the experienced members of the "fourth") who has been able to borrow a stop watch, considers himself a competent authority; the latest joke being the amusing addenda by a section of the reports, to the notice of the times in the above races, that both were "the fastest on record over the Agricultural course." I once, some years ago, did a very fast performance from the top bough of a gigantic chestnut into a quickset hedge, but I have never thought it worth while to claim a best on record over the course, even though I can rest on my laurels, perfectly satisfied that my time will never be beaten, unless some one tries in opposition, "The Monument Course."

At Quoits, another championship (?) has taken place, the opponents being A. Letham, of Whifflet, and James Armour, of Loanhead, and the venue Mr. MacLaugh's Ground, Garscube-road, Glasgow. Letham won by 27 points.

The amateur championship belt for sparrers under 9 stone took place last week at the City Gymnasium, but unfortunately only three person sent in their names, and one of these was 6lbs. overweight. Mr. C. Bishop, of the Olympic Club, therefore, stood a good chance of retaining the trophy, as his solitary opponent was a novice from the banks of the classic Isis, by name, Gardner. The latter had the assistance of Mr. W. Doley, the finest amateur sparrer of his weight in England, but all his attention and advice failed to carry the Oxonian through. He fought game, but

Bishop visited his face so severely in the second round, that he wisely confessed himself beaten, and retired gracefully. Some excellent show boxing also took place by first class professionals.

Billiards, as far as money matches are concerned, have been quite at a discount for some weeks, and exhibitions alone are likely to be the order of the day for some time. It is not likely that we shall have any championship competition this winter, as Roberts is shortly off for another colonial tour, and it is scarcely likely that any one will challenge Cook in his absence. The principal feature recently has been the four-handed game for the benefit of the family of William Dufton, the contestants being W. Cook and S. W. Stanley, against J. Roberts and T. Taylor, the former pair winning easily, mainly through the skilful play of the ex-champion, who made two splendid breaks of 239 and 285, enabling his side to score a win by 665 points. Cook and Roberts have also played exhibition matches, and so have Stanley and T. Taylor, and Stanley and Joseph Bennett, but as I have quite occupied all the space allotted me, my readers must for a week take leave of EXON.

P.S.—At the last moment I hear that Bagnall and Elliott signed articles on Wednesday evening to row from High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, on the Tyne, the day following the championship race between Higgins and Boyd, viz., January 15, 1878; and also that Reading defeated South Norwood in the tie for the Association Cup on the afternoon of Wednesday. Neutral ground was the scene of action, Slough being selected, and the "Biscuit Makers" won by two goals to love.

OPENING MEETS OF HOUNDS.

THE opening meet of the Atherstone Hounds took place on Monday at Bosworth Park, Leicestershire, amid charming weather. There was a large and brilliant gathering, and a numerous attendance of spectators. Bosworth Old Wood was first drawn, and soon yielded a fox, which after a short run was lost. Another was started near Bosworth station, and went away at a rattling pace, but ultimately escaped. Later in the day a fox was started near Bosworth Spring Wood, and was eventually run to ground near Shenton station. Foxes are numerous, and the prospects for the season are unusually bright.

ON Tuesday week the inaugural meet of the Cattistock Hounds, under the new mastership of Captain McNaghten, took place at Dorchester. Lord Digby, the Hon. Captain Digby, M. P., and many other lovers of fox-hunting were present.

ON Tuesday week Sir Robert Bateson Harvey's, late Prince of Wales's, Harriers had some excellent sport, the meet taking place at Perryocks, near Staines. There was a large field out. Major Hunt, of Englefield-green, had a fall in one of the large ditches, which are numerous in that district, and was somewhat injured. The pack was in splendid condition, and the going all that could be desired.

THE Heythrop Hounds opening meet took place as usual at the Mansion, Heythrop, on Monday week. The weather, unfortunately, was most unpropitious, for, without intermission, it rained and blew hard all the day. As a consequence the number of members of the hunt present was very limited.

THE Earl of Huntingdon's Hounds had their hunting season formally inaugurated on Wednesday week at the square, Parsonstown; although not well attended, the select few who put in an appearance made up in a great measure for the paucity of numbers. Horse distemper, which is very prevalent in the district, also militated against the sportsmen who would otherwise be present. The weather was favourable, bright sunshine, clear blue sky, tempered with gentle breezes. The first covert drawn was Clonkeely Wood, which, as usual, held a stout fox, who at once broke covert, and faced for the famous Pikemakers' furze, where he went to ground, after a very smart run.

THE Earl of Guilford's Hounds had their opening day at Waldershare also on Monday week when the noble Master entertained a very large company at breakfast by way of commencement of, we hope, a brilliant season, as foxes are plentiful in the larger part of the country. An immense concourse of hunting and non-hunting men wended their way to Waldershare, both on horse and foot, to say nothing of a large number of ladies in carriages and a few riding who are fond of the chase. Unfortunately the cloudy and blustering morning was the prelude to a stormy windy day, the rain descending in earnest. Some of the small covers round the Park were drawn and then the party went to that cosy cover Singledge.

THE Cotswold Hounds, says one who hunts with them, are looking well. And there is every prospect of a good season. Great praise is due to Charles Travess for the resolute way in which he hunts the hounds.

LORD FITZHARDINGE'S Hounds have killed 36 brace of foxes.

THE Burton hounds (F. J. S. Foljambe's) met recently at Lea Hall, and proceeded to Warren-wood on the estate of Sir H. B. Bacon, Bart., in the parish of Gainsborough. In and within a short distance of this wood abundant sport was found throughout the day, during which no less than nineteen different foxes were sighted, five being dug out of one hole in Warren-wood. Two were "bagged," and one after a short but good run, was killed in the Army Dam plantation on the Lea estate. Such an abundant supply of foxes has seldom, if ever, been found in so small an area.

THE *Court Journal* tells us that the ladies hunting with Baron Rothschild's staghounds this season will be expected to appear in blue riding habit, faced, in military style, with scarlet. Low-crowned hats will be *de rigueur*.

MR. JAMES HOPE, master of the Lothians Foxhounds, was on Wednesday week, at the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, in the presence of about sixty gentlemen, presented with a testimonial by the members of the Lothians Hunt, on the occasion of his retiring from office. The presentation consisted of two large silver vases, parcel gilt and ornamented with hunting subjects in the Greek style, carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Gourlay Steel, R. S. A., a tureen or punch-bowl similarly decorated, and a large salver, beautifully engraved with hunting scenes, such as "The Meet," "The Death," and "Full Cry." The plate was manufactured from silver obtained from the Duke of Buccleugh's Scotch mine.

THE sales of the Pytchley, Oakley, Atherstone, and Warwickshire cub-hunters will take place, this day, Saturday Nov. 10, by Mr. John Woods.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint the Right Hon. George Sclater-Booth, M. P., to be official Verderer of the New Forest.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, of Gateshead, yesterday took up his quarters at Mrs. Gibson's, Ord Arms, Scotswood, to undergo a long and steady preparation for his match on the Tyne, from High level-bridge to Scotswood Suspension-bridge, on Monday, January 14, for £200 a-side, and the Championship of England Challenge cup, against John Higgins, of Shadwell. Owing to indisposition James Talbot, of Newcastle, cannot attend him for this engagement, and it is not yet settled who will superintend his preparation, but in the last few weeks before the race he will be accompanied by Robert Bagnall and John Bright pulling double sculls.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE NOVEMBER HURDLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 150 added; second received 25 sovs. 2 miles, over eight hurdles. 6 subs. Lord Wilton's Hippias, by Gladiateur—Lady Evelyn, aged, 12st 4lb

Smart 1
Sir J. Lister Kaye's Lottery, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb W. Reeves 1
Mr. T. Jennings's Canard, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb T. Jennings, jun 3
Also ran: Rattleaway, aged, 12st 4lb; Bargee, 4 yrs 11st 13lb. 2 to 1 agst Lottery, 5 to 1 each agst Bargee and Canard, and 20 to 1 agst Rattleaway. Won by four lengths; a neck between second and third.

THE MERSEY TRIAL PLATE of 150 sovs in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs each; weight for age, &c.; winner to be sold for £1,000. 5 furl. 15 sovs.
Sir J. Lister Kaye's King Death, by King Tom—Hatchment, 4 yrs, 12st 1lb (£200) F. Archer 1
Lord M. Beresford's Caramel, aged, 8st 1lb (600) Jones 2
Captain Gubbins's Cronstadt, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (200) Mellor 3
Also ran: Antelope, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (200); Fanny Day, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (200). 2 to 1 agst King Death, 9 to 4 (at first 6 to 4) agst Caramel, and 5 to 1 agst Cronstadt. Won cleverly by a head; two lengths between second and third. There was no bid for the winner.

THE LIVERPOOL STEWARDS' CUP of 200 specie, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; second received 25 sovs; winners extra. Canal Point in (nearly 6 furlongs). 9 subs.

Captain G. Stirling's Pluton by Plutus—Promise, 4 yrs, 7st Hopkins 1
Mr. J. Johnson's Lyceum, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) Morrell 2
Captain Prime's Trappist, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb F. Archer 3
Also ran: Herald, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb; Gorse, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb; Bondsman, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb; Bramble, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 8lb). 7 to 4 agst Trappist, 3 to 1 agst Herald, 5 to 1 agst Lyceum, and 7 to 1 each agst Pluton and Gorse. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

THE KNOWSLEY NURSERY STAKES of 200 sovs, added to a handicap of 10 sovs each, for two-year-olds; second received 25 sovs; winners extra. Straight half-mile. 12 subs.

Lord Lonsdale's Hackthorpe, by Citadel or Stratford—Rosarie, 8st (car 8st 2lb) F. Archer 1
Sir G. Chetwynd's c by Chattanooga—Bourgogne, 7st 7lb Hopkins 1
Mr. Ellerton's Ersilia, 8st 12lb R. Wyatt 3
Also ran: Hazelnut, 8st 2lb; Gadfly, 7st 9lb; Ray, 7st 6lb (inc 9lb ex); Vic, 7st 2lb; Buckland, 6st 13lb; Midsummer, 6st 10lb; Ravelston, 6st 6lb; K. Leatham, 6st 6lb. 6 to 5 agst Hackthorpe, 7 to 1 agst Bourgogne colt, 8 to 1 agst Ersilia, 10 to 1 each agst Pay, Buckland, and Ravelston, and 100 to 8 each agst Gadfly and Vic. Won by four lengths; three between second and third.

THE TUESDAY PLATE of 100 sovs; weight for age; selling and other allowances; 1 mile.

Mr. T. E. Case-Walker's Rossini by Rosicrucian—Semiramis, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (£100) Glover 1
Mr. J. Anderson's Mary Jones, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb (100) Wainwright 2
No betting. Won "hands down," by four lengths. The winner was not sold.

THE NEW STAND STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund), with 100 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st 12lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 9lb; winner to be sold for £300, with allowances. Straight half a mile. 14 subs.

Mr. Bentley's Fame, by Distin—Sappho, 7st 9lb (£100) Huxtable 1
Mr. F. Bates's Kavelstone, 7st 12lb (100) G. Cooke 2
Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Blue Peter, 7st 9lb (100) Newhouse 3
5 to 4 on Flame, 6 to 4 agst Kavelstone, and 8 to 1 (at first 5 to 2 agst Blue Peter). Won by two lengths, bad third. The winner was bought in for 190 guineas.

THE WESTMORLAND WELTER PLATE 150 sovs in specie; winners and professionals extra. 1 mile 1 fur.

Mr. Whittaker's Mango, by Mandrake—Fortress, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (car 8st 11lb) (inc 3lb ex) J. Osborne 1
Lord Lonsdale's Carthusian, 4 yrs, 10st (inc 3lb ex) Custance 2
Mr. Leleu's Niger, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 3lb ex) Webb 3
Also ran: Constantine, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 3lb ex); Honnie Robin, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc 3lb ex); Glory, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb (inc 3lb ex); Rebel Chief, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc 3lb ex); Bacchus, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc 3lb ex). 7 to 2 agst Niger, 4 to 1 each agst Carthusian and Mango, 5 to 1 agst Honnie Robin, 100 to 15 each agst Bachus and Glory, and 8 to 1 agst Rebel Chief. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

WEDNESDAY.

THE MOLYNEUX NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. Half a mile.

Mr. E. Hobson's King Sheppard, by Kingcraft—Miss Sheppard, 6 yrs, 10st J. Jarvis 1
Colonel Forester's Vic, 6st 12lb Hopkins 2
Mr. Newman's Pirate Chief, 7st 2lb Luke 3
Also ran: Bonnie Lassie, 8st 7lb; Purveyor, 7st 7lb (car 7st 8lb); Gadfly, 7st 2lb; Beatrice, 7st; Lady Nyassa, 6st 9lb. 5 to 4 agst Bonnie Lassie, 100 to 30 agst King Sheppard, 100 to 15 each agst Lady Nyassa filly and Pirate Chief. Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

THE WEDNESDAY PLATE of 100 sovs; weight for age; selling and other allowances. 5 furlongs.

Lord Lonsdale's Bayard, by Blair Athol—Silkstone, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (£50) Custance 1
Mr. F. Bates's Fareham, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb (£50) Cook 2
Mr. Warrington's Rivulet, 3 yrs, 9st (£50) Constable 3
5 to 4 agst Bayard, 7 to 4 agst Fareham, and 100 to 30 agst Rivulet. Won by four lengths; six between second and third. The winner was sold to Lord M. Beresford for 120 guineas.

THE LIVERPOOL NURSERY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added. 6 furlongs.

Mr. Whittaker's Miss Pool by Parmesan—Lady Highborn, 7st 10lb Carlisle 1
Mr. F. Kruckenberg's c by Thunderbolt—Saga Hopkins 2
Colonel Forester's c by Knight of the Garter—Vimiera, 8st 12lb F. Archer 3

Also ran: The Rowan, 8st 7lb; Conductor, 8st 7lb; Maid of Honour, 8st 1lb; Mistress of the Kobes, 7st 4lb. 2 to 1 agst Conductor, 3 to 1 agst Vimiera, 4 to 1 agst Saga colt, 6 to 1 agst Miss Pool, and 8 to 1 agst The Rowan. Won by three parts of a length, three between second and third.

THE ALT WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs, jockeys extra. 5 furlongs. Colonel Forester's Templar by Adventurer—Lady Palmerston, aged, 11st

Mr. Gerard's Palm Flower, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb Constable 2
Mr. Ambery's Lancaster, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb Toun 3
Also ran: Lyceum, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb; Bondsman, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb; Rupert, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb; Monte Carlo, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb; Hopbine, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb; Picnic, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb; Sweet William, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb; Deluder, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb; Black Adder, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb; Cronstadt, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb; Queensland, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb. 3 to 1 agst Palm Flower, 9 to 2 agst Templar, 100 to 12 agst Deluder, 10 to 1 each agst Queensland and Lancaster, and 100 to 8 each agst Picnic, Black Adder, and Cronstadt. Won by a neck, bad third.

THE GRAND SEFTON STEEPLECHASE of 250 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; second received 50 sovs. From the Canal Point (about three miles).

Sir J. L. Kaye's ch c Citizen by Citadel—Beauty, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb W. Reeves 1
Mr. J. Johnson's Lancet, aged, 10st 9lb S. Daniels 2
Lord Downe's Earl Marshal, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb Carling 3
Lord Lonsdale's Congress, aged, 12st 12lb Jewitt 0
Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep, aged, 10st 13lb Jones 0
Lord Lonsdale's Whitehaven, aged, 10st 11lb J. Cannon 0
Mr. Taylor's Gamebird, aged, 10st 9lb Gavin 0
Captain Gubbins's Thiggin True, aged, 10st 7lb Mr. Beesley 0
3 to 1 agst Congress, 9 to 2 agst Citizen, 5 to 1 agst Lancet, 7 to 1 agst Chimney Sweep, 8 to 1 each agst Whitehaven and Thiggin True, and 10 to 1 each agst Earl Marshal and Gamebird. Won by four lengths; six lengths between second and third.

THE FREE HANDICAP of 150 sovs. One mile.

Mr. F. Leleu's b c Chevon, by Rosicrucian—Cognisance, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb Hopkins 1
Lord Lonsdale's Carthusian, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (car 7st 11lb) Constable 2
Lord M. Beresford's Caramel, aged, 8st 12lb (inc 10lb ex) F. Archer 3
Also ran: Herald, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Fanny Day, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb. 6 to 4 agst Carthusian, 100 to 30 each agst Chevon and Caramel, and 20 to 1 agst Fanny Day. Won by three lengths; same between second and third.

THE JUVENILE PLATE of 100 sovs; winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Straight half mile.

Mr. Bentley's b f Fame by Distin—Sappho, 8st 7lb Huxtable 1
Mr. E. Hobson's Ayshire Lass, 8st 7lb Newhouse 2
Captain Macchell's Full Charge, 8st 10lb F. Archer 3
11 to 10 agst Full Charge, 2 to 1 agst Fame, and 5 to 2 agst Ayshire Lass. A dead heat; a bad third. Betting on deciding heat—55 to 40 on Fame. F. Archer rode Fame in the deciding heat. Won by half a length. Bought in for 250gs.

THE AINFREE FEATHER PLATE of 150 sovs, added to 5 sovs each. From the Stables (about one mile and a half).

Mr. John Osborne's b c St. Cuthbert by Cathedral—Barmston's dam, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (£200) Owner 1
Mr. Newhouse's Buridan, 3 yrs, 8st (£200) Owner 2
Mr. Case-Walker's Rossini, 3 yrs, 8st (£200) Glover 3
Also ran: Moody, 2 yrs, 5st 13lb (200); Signora, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb (200); Escort, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (200); Constantine, 3 yrs, 8st (200). 6 to 4 agst St. Cuthbert, 4 to 1 agst Moody, 5 to 1 agst Buridan, 6 to 1 agst Signora, and 10 to 1 agst Rossini. Won by a length; half a length separating second and third. Sold to Mr. Newhouse for 250gs.

THE CROXTETH CUP of 130 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each. Five furlongs.

Lord Lonsdale's Mirobolante by Macaroni—Curaçoa, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb Hemming 1
Mr. Golby's Glance, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb W. Macdonald 2
Mr. Wadlow's Instantly, aged, 8st 4lb F. Archer 3
6 to 5 agst Instantly, 2 to 1 agst Mirobolante, 100 to 12 agst Mayfield. Won by half a length; a bad third.

THURSDAY.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP of 500 sovs, in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft; second to receive 50 sovs from the stakes: about a mile and a half.

Mr. C. J. Blake's Arbitrator, by Solon, True Heart, 3 yrs, 8st .. Glover 1
Mr. Gomm's Advance, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb J. Macdonald 2
Lord Wilton's Footstep, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb F. Archer 3
Also ran: Whitebait, 6 yrs, 8st 6lb; Ingomar, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb; Lord Scroope, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb; Sunray, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Sign Manual, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb. Betting: 3 to 1 agst Whitebait, 7 to 2 agst Sign Manual, 5 to 1 agst Footstep, 5 to 1 agst Sunray, 100 to 15 agst Arbitrator, 100 to 8 agst Advance, 16 to 1 agst Lord Scroope, and 33 to 1 agst Ingomar. Arbitrator won, after a most exciting and interesting struggle, amidst tremendous excitement, by a neck; three lengths separated second and third; Whitebait was a bad fourth.

THE case of Merry Bell's disqualification for the Maiden Hunters' Flat Race at this meeting, on the ground of fraudulent entry, &c., having been referred to the Grand National Hunt Committee, the stewards decide that the owner, Mr. William Walling, who admitted that the mare had previously run at Congleton as Little Sally, be warned off all courses where the Grand National rules are in force, and that no horse his property, or nominated by him, or trained by him, or in any way under his care, joint care, management, or superintendence, be allowed to run for any race at any meeting where the rules of the Grand National Hunt Committee are in force, and that the case be reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

SHIRESBURY MEETING.—In another part of this impression will be found an advertisement giving the particulars of the special service which has been arranged by the Great Western Railway Company for the accommodation of those who intend patronising the Shrewsbury meeting—the most important fixture in Messrs. Frail's circuit. The convenience of the London division would appear to have been consulted by the G. W. R. Co. in every way.

At the meeting of the Grand National Hunt Committee, on the second Monday in December, the place of holding the next race meeting will be considered.

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS.

STAGHOUNDS.

Ward Union—November—Monday 12, Flathouse; Wednesday 14, Rathbeggan; Saturday 17, 9-Mile Stone, Ashbourne-road; Monday 19, Dunboyne; Wednesday 21, Black Bull; Saturday 24, 8-Mile Stone, Ashbourne-road; Monday 26, Flathouse; Wednesday 28, Rathbeggan. December—Saturday 1, Priestown Cross-roads; Monday 3, Kilrue; Wednesday 5, Rathbeggan; Saturday 8, 9-Mile Stone, Ashbourne-road; Monday 10, Norman's Grove Gate; Wednesday 13, Black Bull; Saturday 15, Priestown Cross-roads; Monday 17, Kilrue; Wednesday 19, Rathbeggan; Saturday 22, 8-Mile Stone, Ashbourne-road; Monday 24, Flathouse; Wednesday 26, Dunboyne; Saturday 29, 9-Mile Stone, Ashbourne-road; Monday 31, Kilrue. The hounds will leave the meets punctually at 1½ o'clock.

FOXHOUNDS.

The Earl of Huntingdon's Foxhounds met on Tuesday 13th, at Gloster; Friday 16th, at Rathbeggan.

Kildare—November—Monday 12th, Kildaro; Tuesday 13th, 18-Mile-stone; Thursday 15th, Bolton Hill; Saturday 17th, Enfield. At 11 o'clock each day.

Louth Hounds—November—Tuesday 13, Clermont; Friday, 16, Beaulieu. At 11 o'clock.

Meath—November—Friday 9th, Summerhill; Monday 12th, Brittas; Tuesday, 13th, Scariff-bridge; Thursday 15th, Allenstown; Friday 16th, Dunshaughlin; Saturday, 17th, Loughbawn. At 11 o'clock.

Muskery Foxhounds—November—Tuesday 19th, Ovens; Friday 16th, Crookstown Station. At 10.45 o'clock.

United Hunt—Monday 12th, Modeligo; Wednesday 14th, Mogeely Station; Friday 16th, Dunkettle Station. At 10 o'clock. Monday 10th, Ballyvolane; Wednesday, 21st, Watergrass Hill; Friday 23rd, Saleen. At 11 o'clock.

Westmeath—November—Tuesday 13, Multyfarnham, Thursday 15, Killucan; Saturday 17, Moate; Monday 19, Galston; Wednesday 21, Crooked Wood; Friday 23rd, Steamton station. At 11 o'clock.

The Vine Hounds meet this day, Saturday, at the Vyne, at 10.45.

The H. H. Hounds meet this day, Saturday, at South Warrborough, at 10.45.

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort's hounds will meet this day, Saturday at Hullavington, at eleven.

The Galway Hunt meet this day, Saturday, at 11 o'clock, at Albert.

HARRIERS.

Castleford Harriers (Lord Carbery's)—November—Monday 12th, Burgatia Mill; Thursday 15th, Kilbre Wood; Monday 19th, Toy's-bridge; Thursday 22nd, Fort Prospect; Monday 26th, Sam's-cross; Thursday 29th, Greenfield. At 11 o'clock.

Cork Harriers—November—Tuesday 13th, Ballyvorisheen; Friday, 16th, Ralskernane. At 11 o'clock.

Glin and Tarbert Harriers—November—Tuesday 13th, Glin Castle; Saturday 17th, River-view House; Tuesday 20th, Tarbert; Saturday 24th, The Kennel; Tuesday 27th, Sallow Glen. At 11.30 a.m.

The Gortmore Harriers—November—Tuesday 13th, Bettyville Gate; Friday 16th, Coolclogh. At 11 o'clock.

Queenstown Harriers—November—Monday 12th, Belvella-bridge; Thursday 15th, Carrigaline-bridge; Saturday 17th, Rnsbrook Station; Monday 19th, Eastgrove Gate; Thursday 22nd, Bayview Gate; Monday 26th, Benner's-court; Thursday 29th, Glenbrook Hotel. At 12 o'clock.

THE horse trainer Paul Smith, of, Ibos, near Tarbes, met with his death about three weeks back, in giving a dose to M. Dauphole's filly Laure. Receiving a slight bite in the arm, he at first neglected the wound, and gangrene setting in carried him off, after great suffering.

MIDLE SAVELLI.—We learn from Paris that our talented young countrywoman, Midle, Elisa Savelli, who has recently distinguished herself as a leading prima donna, both at Florence and Milan, has entered into a lucrative engagement with Messrs. Strolage and Verger, as *prima donna assoluta* for Italian opera in South America.

THIS (says a contemporary) is how Madame Vestris catered for her public: The season consisted of 194 nights, devoted to 102 performances of comedy, 78 of opera, and 14 of miscellaneous entertainments. The following new five-act comedies were produced: *What will the World say?* by Mark Lemon; *Old Maids*, by Sheridan Knowles; *Court and City*, an adaptation by Peake of Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery" and Steele's "Tender Husband; The Irish Heiress," by Mr. Boucicault; and "Bubbles of the day," by Douglas Jerrold. The following operas, newly adapted to the English stage, were also represented: "Norma, La Sonnambula, The Marriage of Figaro, and Elena Uberti," by Mercadante. There were three new farces: "Caught Napping," by Peake; "The Wrong Man," by Morton; and "United Service," by Mark Lemon; and the ballets, pantomimes, and spectacles: "Hans of Iceland, The Wooden Leg, Guy Earl of Warwick, and The White Cat." And the following plays were also revived: "The Merry Wives of Windsor, A Midsummer Nights Dream, The Rivals, The School for Scandal, and The Critic," Milton's "Comus," Cibber's "She would and she would not," and Mrs. Inchbald's "Wives as they were, and Maids as they are." The rival theatre, Drury Lane, was not less active, and the playgoer was thus assured of a choice and a variety of entertainments. Of course we are not at all likely to return to the old ways, but their pleasantness may be fondly remembered by the fogies of to-day—the youthful playgoers of thirty years since, who may be permitted further to lament the times when London generally seemed to exist far more for Londoners and less for visitors from the country than it does at present. I may add that there was nothing exceptional about the season of 1841-2. Almost any other season of the management of Madame Vestris, of Macready, or even of Alfred Bunn would have served usually well for an example.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE sententious manager of the Gaiety Theatre, in a series of sarcastic definitions which he contributes to the new humorous periodical "Mirth," has coined the word "Burlesqophobia," and he defines it as "a new disease which has seized dramatic critics, and caused them to rave about high art."

For my own part, as I never on any occasion, exert myself to



rave about high art, I must say that to me this definition does not appear quite so felicitous as others in the collection. It is possible that to such penetrating managerial eyes as those of Mr. Hollingshead, the malady "Burlesqophobia," may bear the diagnosis he applies to it. But other experts will explain its symptoms



differently. For example, perchance, as follows:—*Burlesqophobia*: A disorder which attacks professional punsters, and causes them to drivel idiotic facetiae in doggerel verse. Or another meaning: A malady which seizes senile sensualists and causes them to wait at stage doors. Also a disease which causes important personages (such as Princes of the Blood, original

Jews of Houndsditch, &c), to go behind the scenes. Again, an illness which causes boys with prospective fortunes to mortgage the same in order to meet the expenses of bijou villas at Maida Vale, or St. John's Wood. And, moreover, it causes other boys of very tender years, and much too ample means, to marry celebrated courtesans, and ruin themselves body and soul.

But stay. I seem to grow theological. This, in a person of my experience, would be unpardonable, if continued. Burlesqophobia is not confined to any particular class of playgoer. There are multitudes of healthy men, women, and children, who can laugh at a merry burlesque up to the point at which their sense of modesty is absolutely irritated, multitudes who cannot perceive the indecency that prominent writers endeavour to attach to every piece that is not dull and stupid.

These prominent writers are doubtless the critics against whom Mr. John Hollingshead directs his sarcasm. By "raving about high art," I suppose he means raving against what is called burlesque. In truth, burlesque (as it is called) cannot be elevated much above the level of the modern music hall. But it is a mistake to suppose that the music hall is more "naughty" than the burlesques which derive their chief attractions therefrom. I cannot say that I have any very wide experience of music halls. I like to go to them—occasionally. Mr. Hollingshead describes them as the "chosen nursery of the British drama." Upon such authority as his, I may recommend any who read these lines to make a round of the London music halls before they go to see a



new Gaiety burlesque. The "chosen nursery" will supply them with those choicest morsels upon which the burlesque writer is likely to found his future fame.

A manager's position in regard to the production of burlesque, is however perfectly clear. He must induce the most popular comic stage writer, to provide him with a sort of cursory libretto. Having procured this, he must direct his stage manager to furnish a few funny practical ideas, to suggest to the players. At rehearsal the stage manager must say to the players; "Now see here my boys, you've got to make the most of this *patter*." And they *do* make the most of it. Out of the most attenuated authorial wisps they twine indescribably diverting chords. This is because they "know the ropes." The facetious writer who would seem utterly stupid in print, becomes when manipulated by a quartet of Gaiety actors, a laughter moving humorist. Burlesqophobia must be spreading. It must extend beyond those omnipotent critics, or the Gaiety would never pay its proprietors. The pity of it is that so many first-class actors should be nightly sacrificed upon the altar of burlesque.

Yet after all is said and done in a professional way on the side of the critics and on the side of the theatrical managers, it must be confessed that *Burlesqophobia* has for many years past taken a firm hold upon metropolitan humanity. Curious inquirers may ask why it has taken such a hold upon the public mind; and many wise people might answer the question according to their own particular lights. Far be it from me to assume the position of a seer; but it must be evident, even to the most inexperienced

of playgoers, that managers generally are influenced in the direction of what *pays*, or what they imagine, judging by their own estimate of the popular taste, is most likely to pay. Burlesque (as the word is popularly translated now), affords managers the opportunity of utilising the services of eminent comedians, and at the same time showing upon the stage a species of human models which used once to be confined to the studios of painters. A modern theatrical audience demands in burlesque theatres the most shapely feminine forms that can be procured. It is a question for moralists whether or not such an exhibition is wholesome. The fact remains that it is popular.

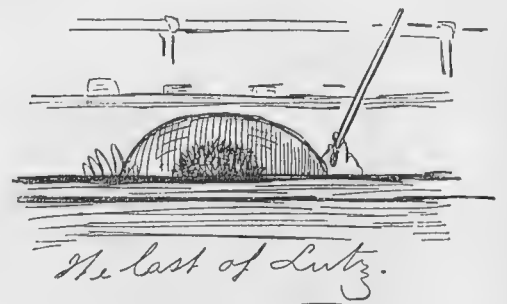
I have thus discursively meandered for no more serious reasons than these:—1. Mr. Byron's burlesque, *Little Doctor Faust*, is of its kind the best that has been produced since the time



when this class of entertainment was in its glory. And, therefore, as a Captious Critic, I am unable to pick out any specific faults in it. 2. Because, upon reflection, it is impossible for me to ignore the individual excellence of the principal actors of the Gaiety company. I think that, look where one will, amongst the London theatres it would be difficult to find a more capable company than Mr. Hollingshead retains at the Gaiety. Yet, what use is made of them? Mr. Edward Terry, who (although he has doubtless identified himself with burlesque) has hitherto been able to show forth his abilities as a genuine low-comedian, does not now have an opportunity offered him for anything superior to mere buffoonery.

When I talk like this, I beg to remind the reader that I am "raving about high art."

I have nothing to say against the Gaiety burlesque. It is really very good. I agree with the audience, of which I formed a unit, in the well-deserved applause they bestowed upon it.



But the two pieces which precede it do not satisfy me. Why should Mr. Hollingshead retain a company which includes such artists as Maclean, Terry, Royce, and Soutar, if he cannot afford them better scope for their talents?

However, I talk as an outsider. There is one peculiarity about the Gaiety management, namely—nobody knows what to expect next. This uncertainty has its charm. But English audiences dearly love to grow familiar with their favourite players. They are disappointed when they go to their favourite theatre if they do not find those players whom they have learned to regard with admiration, provided with ample opportunities of displaying their abilities. It seems to me that at the Gaiety a superb company is retained, and that (beyond exceptional morning performances) the most able artists in it have but slight opportunity to use their talents or their experience.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

HER Majesty's Theatre was re-opened on Monday last, and the crowded state of the gallery and amphitheatre, showed that among the less wealthy classes there may be found abundant supporters of cheap Italian opera. The private boxes were also well filled, and the only portions of the house which were thinly occupied, were the 5s. pit, 10s. 6d. grand circle, and 12s. 6d. orchestra stalls. The last-named are sufficiently low in price, but there seems good reason to believe that it would be advantageous to lower the prices of admission to the pit and grand circle. The only structural alterations that have been made are the removal of the middle boxes on the grand tier, and the conversion of half the orchestra stalls into pitseats, consisting of wooden benches. The opera chosen for this occasion was the everlasting *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Salla as Leonora, Madame Demeric Lablache as Azucena, Signor Fancelli as Manrico, and Signor Galassi as the Count di Luna. Mdlle. Salla showed dramatic power, and her acting was always intelligent and graceful. The middle register of her voice is of good quality, but her higher notes are not always pleasing, and are like those of a mezzo soprano, whose voice has been forced upwards. Her execution stands in some need of improvement, but she is one of the best among our young *prime donne*, and may be expected to attain a good position as a "dramatic" *prima donna*. The Azucena of Madame Lablache is an admirable impersonation. Signor Verdi has pronounced it the best realisation of his conception; and, from a dramatic point of view, it claims the warmest praise. Signor Fancelli was in superb voice, and elicited enthusiastic applause by his delivery of "Di quella pira," and "Ah, che la morte." Signor Galassi made his customary success in "Il Balen," and the minor characters were satisfactorily impersonated. The chorists and the orchestral players, though reduced in numbers, were fully efficient, and Signor Li Calsi conducted with much ability. Whether it may be attributed to his good taste, or to the diminished numbers of the band, we are unable to say, but it is certain that the instrumental accompaniments were much more enjoyable than usual, because less noisy.

Lucia di Lammermoor was given on Tuesday last instead of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, in which opera Mdlle. De Belocca was to have made her re-appearance. Owing to indisposition, her *rentrée* was postponed. Donizetti's popular opera was well rendered by Mdlle. Valleria as Lucia, Signor Fancelli as Edgardo, Signor Galassi as Enrico, Signor Rinaldini as Arturo, and Signor Brocolini as Raimondo. In the "mad" scene of the last act, Mdlle. Valleria was ably assisted by the skilfully-played flute obligato of Mr. Keppel. The familiar gems produced their customary effect, and Signor Fancelli was specially successful. The contract scene was capitally executed, and was followed by prolonged applause and demands for a repetition, which was, however, declined. It might perhaps have been politic to accord it, for the opera concluded before ten o'clock!

Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was presented on Wednesday night, with the following cast:—Riccardo, Signor Runcio (his first appearance); Renato, Signor Galassi; Samuele, M. Gonnet; Tommaso, Signor Franceschi; Il Giudice, Signor Rinaldini;



THE LATE MR. G. H. BROWNE, PROPRIETOR OF THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Silvano, Signor Fallar; Oscar, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Ulrica, Madame Lablache; and Amelia, Mdlle. Caroline Salla.

The performance was creditable to the company, and was specially interesting, because of the debut of Signor Runcio. The part of Riccardo is not remarkably advantageous for a tenor débutant. The sympathies of the audience are always against the treacherous prince, who seeks to seduce the wife of the friend whom he professes to love as a brother, and Riccardo, though not more despicable than the Duke in *Rigoletto*, has the disadvantage of having less effective music to sing. The mocking melody he sings in the quintet of the second act is not to be compared with the air "Bella figlia dell'amore," in the *Rigoletto* quartet, nor has Riccardo so melodious a solo as "La Donna e mobile," to sing. Nevertheless, Signor Runcio succeeded in gaining the favour of his audience. He has a tenor voice of pleasant quality, free from trembling, rather weak in the lower, but effective in the higher register. He sings in good style, and his intonation is satisfactory. When it is added that he is familiar with stage business, has a goodly presence, and is intelligent in all he does, it may be inferred that Signor Runcio is a valuable acquisition. It must be remembered, however, that the rôle of Riccardo is an insufficient test of vocal and dramatic power, and we must wait to see Signor Runcio in other characters before we can venture to pronounce him a tenor of the highest rank. He was well received by the audience, and the encore awarded to the quintet "E Scherzo, od e follia," was mainly attributable to his singing. The most artistic impersonation seen on this occasion, was the Ulrica of Madame Demeric Lablache, who sang and acted with the finish and breadth of effect which belong to the grand school of which she is one of the few surviving representatives. Signor Galassi has a fine barytone voice, which was one of great service in the concerted music, but his style wants polish, and we have seldom heard the great air, "Eri tu," so mechanically and unsatisfactorily sung. The passage "O dolcezza perdute!" in which Renato, heart-broken and desolate, laments over the loss of his domestic happiness, was sung with exuberant power of voice, but with no more expression than if it had been a *solfeggio* exercise. Mdlle. Bauermeister acted as substitute for Mdlle. Mila Rodani, (who was indisposed) and sang the songs of the page Oscar, and the soprano line in the quintet of Act 2 and the trio of Act 4, in thoroughly finished style, although with no great power of voice. The choruses and ballets were satisfactory; and the stage band in the ballet scene of Act 4 was unusually good. The instrumentation received full justice from the orchestra, and Signor Li Calsi conducted with a watchful care and an intelligent sympathy which secured the happiest results.

The other three operas announced for performance this week were *Rigoletto*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Robert le Diable*. Of these, and of *Faust*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*,—announced for Monday and Tuesday next, we must speak in our next impression.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Alexandra Palace Saturday Concerts have been revived, and the first concert of the new series was given on Saturday last. That day being the eve of the thirtieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, the first part of the concert was judiciously devoted to selections from his works. The concert opened with his delightful overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, one of the most poetical tone-pictures that ever emanated from the human imagination, and the A major, or "Italian" symphony, was afterwards presented. Nor was this all. With the aid of the Alexandra Palace Choir, the whole of the *Christus* music was sung, and the audience were enabled to judge from this noble fragment how magnificent would probably have been the oratorio which Mendelssohn intended to write. Mrs. Patey sang, "O rest in the Lord" in her own unequalled style, and Mr. Pearson sang "The Garland," with much taste.

The second part of the concert included Weber's *Oberon* overture,—a duo concertante for pianoforte and violin, ably played by the composer, Mr. F. Archer, and Mr. J. T. Radcliff,—the march from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*,—the chorus, "Trumpet blow," from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*,—the song, "Eily Mavourneen," sung by Mr. Pearson,—and a song entitled "What is to-morrow?" which, we regret to say, was sung by Mrs. Patey, who ought to disdain such commonplace productions. A feeble attempt was made to encore it, but was met with vigorous hissing. Mrs. Patey's voice is so charming, that people are anxious to hear it again,—no matter what she may sing, but in justice to her own reputation she should avoid the risk of offending her admirers by inflicting on them such rubbish as "What is to-morrow?" With the exception of this unfortunate blot on the programme, the selection was admirable, and reflected great credit on the new conductor, Mr. Frederic Archer. This gentleman has long held one of the highest positions among contemporary organists in England and on the Continent, and is known to be one of our most accomplished musicians; but it was probably a pleasant surprise to many to find him a masterly *chef d'orchestre*. He conducted with the quiet power which comes from familiarity with difficult requirements; he was evidently familiar with every note of the scores, and not merely beat the time, but called up each performer when wanted. We have seen conductors—boasting well-known names—who have contented themselves with "conducting" orchestral works from pianoforte scores; we have seen such conductors startled by sudden developments of orchestral effects to which the pianoforte scores gave no clue. It may be mentioned, as a proof of the conscientious care with which Mr. Archer discharges his duties, that—having compared each of the hired band-parts with the original score—he detected and corrected errors in the clarinet part of

the Symphony, which for a dozen years past have escaped the notice of previous conductors. Mr. Archer has organised a fine band of over fifty performers, including Mr. Alfred Burnett as leader, aided by MM. Zerbini (viola), Boumann (violin), C. Harper (contrabasso), Radcliff (flute), Horton (oboe), Tyler (clarinet), Mann and Waterson (horns), T. Harper (trumpet), Hutchings (bassoon), Hughes (ophicleide), &c. The Alexandra Palace Choir give their valuable aid, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that the finest works of the great composers may be safely entrusted to the managers of these valuable concerts. The audience numbered over 3,000, and the applause was of the heartiest kind. The second orchestral concert will be given on Saturday, Nov. 17th, when Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, will be performed.

THE Blackheath Orchestral Society will commence its operations on Tuesday, Nov. 15, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Burnett, of the Royal Italian Opera, leader of the Covent Garden and Alexandra Palace Classical Concerts. Mozart's G minor symphony, the fragmentary B minor symphony of Schubert, Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and Schumann's *Manfred* overture will be the first works to be studied, and concerts will be given in December and January. Mr. Burnett's name gives stability to the society, and a number of performing members, as well as honorary subscribers, have recently joined the society.



ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC.



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS FROM "THE AVALANCHE."

CORRESPONDENCE.

In the "Weekly Musical Review," published in our impression of the 27th ultimo, we spoke of Mr. F. E. Weatherly's song, "Across the far blue hills, Marie," as follows:

"The words display poetic feeling, disfigured by such strained phraseology as 'across death dim hills, love Marie,'—and 'Across the bars (?) of heav'n, Marie, look from thy place in love on me.'"

On the same occasion we wrote as follows, respecting Mr. F. E. Weatherly's song, "Mine own."

"A song in which a lover wonders about all sorts of things, and sometimes wonders unintelligibly, *ex gr.*—

If I were forced to leave you,
And you were left behind (!)
I wonder love would *out of sight*,
Be always *out of mind*.

The italics are Mr. Weatherly's. What he meant to say was—

I wonder if love, out of sight,
Would aye be out of mind.

Why did he not make his meaning clear? and why does he, in the preceding couplet, put it as a possible hypothesis that "if I were to leave you, you might *not* be left behind?" When Mr. Weatherley takes pains he writes better lines than these."

We have great pleasure in publishing, verbatim, the following letter from Mr. Weatherley, since it virtually establishes the justice of those critical remarks which he has found unpalatable:—

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Your music-reviewer in censuring certain passages of the two songs "Across the far blue hills, Marie" and "Mine Own" is unfair to me, partly from his own fault, partly from that of printers and publishers. In the first song I wrote

"Across death's dim hills"

and not

"Across death dim hills"

I saw no proof. That was no fault of mine. But the mistake is perfectly palpable, for the first line has a meaning, the second, none. In the second song I wrote

"I wonder, love, would *out of sight*
be always *out of mind*."

The printer omitted stops on each side of the vocative "love," and your reviewer by inserting other stops which do not exist in the song as printed, has gratuitously misrepresented me. Requesting your insertion of this, I am yours, FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Mr. Weatherly rather ungraciously ignores the kindly allusions to his "poetic feeling," and to his ability to "write better lines" than those under notice. It is evident, from his own letter that he is himself dissatisfied with the phrase, "death dim hills," and he asks us to believe that the phrase—which occurs more than once in his song—was correctly written "death's dim hills" in his original MS., and that the misprint escaped the notice of engraver, composer, and publisher. He says, "I saw no proof. That was no fault of mine." Whose fault but his could it be? Was it our fault? Can reviewers do more than judge what is submitted to them, and is it not the duty of a writer, who respects himself, to take care that his compositions shall be properly printed? If he neglects this duty, what right has he stigmatise, as "unfair," the critical remarks which are based—not on what he ought to have printed—but on what he has allowed to be printed? In his song, "Mine Own," the lines—

I wonder love would *out of sight*
Be always *out of mind*

were printed without punctuation of any kind; and we inserted a comma after the word "sight," with the honest desire to render these foggy lines partially intelligible. We now learn that, owing to Mr. Weatherly's culpable carelessness, the lines were printed without the two commas which (as he appears to believe) would have made his meaning clear. For this, he has only himself to blame. To judge from the defective punctuation of his letter, he has yet to learn the use of "stops," and we feel little doubt that the engraver followed the M.S. supplied by Mr. Weatherly. Be this as it may, a writer who takes no pains to correct proofs must take the consequences of his carelessness. We fail to see that the lines, as corrected, can escape condemnation. The lover, who "wonders would *out of sight* be always *out of mind*," uses language which is neither intelligible nor grammatical.

We are never intentionally "unfair" to any one. Of Mr. Weatherly, with whom we are entirely unacquainted, we have often spoken in encouraging terms, and shall continue to praise him whenever we can fairly do so. But if he, or any other verse-writer, should publish faulty lines, we shall not hesitate to expose their defects. Our criticisms are not written for the gratification of authors, but for the information of our readers; and we think that the quality of vocal music is directly affected by the quality of the lyrics with which it is associated.

THE SPRAT-BOATS AT BILLINGSGATE.

THE faithful pencil of our friend, Mr. Templeton, realises a scene just now common enough at Billingsgate, where sprats are arriving fast and in very large quantities. Sprats—although they figure amongst the grander dishes of a Lord Mayor's feast—form the people's dish, and ever have done so. The Greek poet, in his *Wasps*, depicting the Billingsgate of Athens, says:—

Suppose a turbot
Should suit your palate, straightway the spratseller,
Next stall, exclaims, "Why, this is tyranny!
No tastes aristocratic in Athens."

As it was in Athens so is it now in London. G. A. Sala, in his "Twice Round the Clock," describing Billingsgate, and dwelling upon sprats, asks:—

What says the muse of the Bull at Somers Town, what sweet stanzas issue from the anthology of Seven Dials?

O! 'tis my delight on a Friday night,
When sprats they isn't dear,
To fry a couple of score or so,
Upon a fire so clear.

They eat so well, they bears the bell
From all the fish I know,
Then let us eat them while we can,
Before the price is rose.

Chorus, *ad libitum*, "O! 'tis my delight."

The last two lines are replete with the poetry and philosophy of the poorer classes. "Let us eat them while we can before the price is rose;" for even sprats are sometimes luxuries unattainable by the humble. Exceedingly succulent, sprats labour under the disadvantage of being slightly unwholesome. To quote Mr. Samuel Weller's anecdote of the remark made by the young lady when remonstrating with pastrycook, who had sold her a pork pie which was all sprats, are "rayther too rich." And yet how delicious they are! I have had some passably good dinners in my time; I have partaken of turbot à la creme at the Trois Frères Provençaux, I have eaten a filet à la Chateaubriand at Brighton, yet I don't think there is a banquet in the whole repertory of Lucullus and Apicius a more charming red-letter night in the calendar of gastronomy, than a sprat supper. You must have three pennyworth of sprats; a large tablecloth is indispensable for finger wiping purposes—for he who would eat sprats with a knife and fork is unworthy of the name of an epicure: and after the banquet I should recommend, for purely hygienic and antibilious reasons, the absorption of a petit verre of the best Hollands."

NO HOUSE WITHOUT CHAPPUIS' DAYLIGHT REFLECTORS.
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REVIEWS.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER, &c.

Mirth, a humorous magazine, edited by H. J. Byron—(Tinsley, Brothers.) In Hood's "Ode to Rae Wilson," he says: "I dote upon a jest within the limits of becoming mirth." Let us declare at the outset that the jests contained in this new magazine are eminently becoming. Wishing nothing but well to the venture, we are inclined to say, at the risk of being misunderstood, too becoming. The veteran jesters, whose contributions fill the pages of this first number, have to a man declined to rollick—and yet it is well nigh impossible to find reasonable fault with any of the papers or poems. "Reasonable fault." Is it not all in that nutshell? Should not a humorous magazine be flavoured with a spice of unreason? But enough of generalising. Believing in the vitality of the idea of such a magazine as this, and remembering that a first number is essentially like the first night of a new play, we look forward to the second number in confident anticipation of finding more of the element of spontaneity therein; less of your professional humorist on his strict drawing-room behaviour, and—if that is not asking too much—a new jester or so. The octogenarian, J. R. Planché, sets the ball rolling with some easy introductory verses, in his gracefulest manner—the manner we once knew and loved so well. And yet, to be hypercritical, there is one line in the poem that limps:—

He has asked me to write "An Ode to Mirth,"
For love—at least, he hasn't mentioned money;
Now if there be a *wet blanket* on earth,
It's asking a poor fellow to be funny."

The blanket would fit more neatly into the verse if it were turned. But, dear old boy! we would not have thine enemy say this.

I said but now, I never could refuse,
And yet I feel I daily am declining,
And soon to Mirth shall pay my last adieu,
To younger, brighter bards the harp resigning.
I'm over eighty. Thus associated,
I fear, dear friends, by you I'm overrated.

The humour of "King Bibbs," by James Albery, is undeniable but you have to pierce through a vein of satire ere you reach it. The impression left by this clever sketch is the reverse of mirthful. Perhaps the best things in this number, from a *Mirth*-ful point of view, are "The Ruined Man of Monaco," by George Augustus Sala; "The Man and the Buoy," by R. Reece; and "Wide Awake," by W. S. Gilbert. Henry S. Leigh's "Meditations on a Frankfort Sausage," clever and finished though the poem is, will not be reckoned amongst his happiest efforts. And the editor is far from being at his best either in "Mr. Shakspeare Smivins at Little Fubsey Street"—the first of a series of Notoriety at Home—or "The Lunatic Ship." There is an amateurish air about the paper, and we find ourselves thinking of Gilbert as we read the poem, and wondering what he would have done with the same idea. Most of the good things in John Hollingshead's "Plain English" have the true flavour. Note these:—

OATH.—A ceremony invented to save men of honour from the necessity of telling the truth.

MISSIONARY.—The pioneer of annexation.

WORKHOUSE.—The terminus for third-class passengers.

EDUCATION.—A little rowing and less Greek.

M.P.—An amateur legislator who has passed no apprenticeship to his business.

VESTRYMAN.—A statesman in the wrong place.

STATESMAN.—A vestryman in the wrong place.

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—A drama whose authors are dead, and whose copyrights have expired.

HISTORY.—One side of a question.

The majority of the readers of *Mirth*, will think that we have omitted to quote some of the most sparkling of Mr. Hollingshead's aphorisms. The humorous incident which forms the leading point of Godfrey Turner's amusing paper "Public Affairs," reads like reality, and we feel certain we know the hero. The story, as was naturally expected, is neatly told. We bid adieu to the first number of *Mirth*, believing thoroughly in the vitality of the idea which underlies the venture and the capacity of the Editor to carry that idea into effect.

Belgravia, for November, is by far the best of the monthlies, and perhaps the best thing in it is a short story by Richard Dowling, entitled "That Night." We advise those who had despaired of ever again seeing in a magazine a short story worth reading, to read with religious care every word of this. If Mr. Dowling were not a genuine poet, and a writer strongly imbued with the dramatic instinct—and he is both—his marvellous powers of description would attract attention. The second part of "Some Random Notes of an Idle Excursion," by Mark Twain, is full as an egg of those humorous bits for which the author of "The Jumping Frog" is famous. He has never beaten this: "There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business. One of my men 'was sick—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book; it said, 'give him a teaspoonful of No. 15.' I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill; so I hove into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it did not kill him in fifteen minutes! There's something about this medicine-chest system that is too many for me!" Note the fifteen minutes. The two novels by James Payn and Mrs. Lynn Linton keep up their interest unflaggingly, and all the pictures are good.—*The Gentleman*'s is chiefly interesting for a charming paper on "Trouting in Tasmania," by "Red-Spinner." How poor dear Wormald would have enjoyed the vivid word-painting of his whilom brother of the angle! Mr. Senior we thank you for a most delightful picture, which almost makes us wish that we might one of these days join you in Tasmania.—*Miss Misanthrope*, by Justice McCarthy, maintains its high excellence. The rest of the contents of *The Gentleman*'s, are of average merit and interest—nothing more. There is just a little too much, it seems to us, of Mortimer Collins in the *Dublin University*. Thirty-two pages of extract and comment is rather an excessive draught on the good nature of a non-idolator of the never-to-be-too-much-lamented poet and journalist. Besides this paper there is another by the same hand—that of Keningale Cook—on "The Logic and Methods of War." An agreeable paper on "Thoreau: Hermit and Thinker," is from the pen of Mabel Collins. An admirable portrait and appreciative biographical notice of John Linnell, Sen., form the leading feature of a part which, in addition to those which we have mentioned, is really interesting and varied.—The editor of the *St. James's* must be a humorist. On no other theory can we account for the frontispiece to the November part of his usually sedate magazine. Underneath the extraordinary picture is this inscription:—"A soldier's bride, whose love was the strength of the hero she followed to his final fight upon a foreign field." (Let us be alliterative, or perish!) The soldier's bride aforesaid, stands beside her husband, whose left hand she pulls lovingly down upon her left shoulder. She looks pensive. So does he. His right hand grasps an idle sword. They confront the spectator. Close behind them, on the summit of a hill are his brave comrades, shooting and being shot. Surrounding them are the dead and dying. We have not seen such a humorous picture for a very long period. "Sunshine and Snow," Hawley Smart's Canadian novel, runs on briskly. "Promeltria" apparently

draws near the close. For the rest there is a fair mixture of heavy papers, and light papers, and some remarkable verse, of which the following is a sample:—

The leaf is yellow,
The fruit hangs mellow,
The summer's knell, low,
Sounds o'er the leaf.

Winter is coming,
East winds are dumbing
The golden bee's humming,
The reaper's at rest.

Stay!—There is a bit of good verse from the pen of Guy Roslyn. On the whole we must say we have seen better numbers of the *St. James's*. If the editor of the *Charing Cross Magazine* were not so deeply concerned to set his readers right in their theology, it would probably tend to increase the attractiveness of his generally bright little monthly. The paper on *Christianity versus Secularism*, would be a mistake in most periodicals, in this it is a sheer impertinence. We have not read Mr. Marc Robertson's astounding experiment, but should, after the most cursory of glances, feel disposed to describe it as an unsuccessful sermon. "The Queen of Bohemia," Mr. Hatton's novel, is of course, the best, as it is the most important portion of the number. It keeps interesting. When "Roscius Secundus" infuses some originality into his notices of new plays, the pages he is at present allowed to fill with trite rubbish will be worth reading. The baldest of bald theatrical reporting is out of place in a magazine.—The *Victoria Magazine* remains pretty much where it has been these months past in point of interest. We never look for any novelty in Miss Faithfull's monthly contribution to serial literature, and verily we seldom get it. These observations are not made in a carping spirit. Conservatism has its charms, we believe, and the *Victoria* is Conservative. The present number is one of average excellence. The verse is slightly superior to the metrical essays one finds in magazine literature. The novel is entertaining, and there is plenty of information of interest to down-trodden womankind in the solid portions of the magazine. "Amphion" carries off the principal honours in this month's *Baily* with a delightful poem, entitled "The Fight for the Championship."

This is how it opens:

Crisp and clear with a frosty bite,
Whetting the roysterer's appetite;
Half in anger and half in play,
Whirling the leaves from the Bushes away,
In madcap race o'er the tufted lee,
Reveals the breeze of the morning free.

Merrily skimming in upper air,
The last year's swallow lingers there,
Catches the sights, the sound of the fray,
The line as it musters in silken array,
The lightning rush as they break from slip,
Thunder of hoof and echo of whip,
Of the first great Fight for the Championship.

The fifth chapter of the Memoir of the Rev. John Russell is animated and to the point. In fact the best portion of the life that has appeared. For the rest we have an uncommonly full "Van" load of racing, hunting, and theatrical gossip, an amusing paper entitled "One day in Ireland" and *Baily's* annual list of Hounds—their Masters, Huntsmen, Whips, Kennels, &c. A portrait and biography of Mr. John Hargreaves, Master of the South Berks, are included in this number.

Scribner's (Frederick Warne and Co.) contains, in addition to an abundance of prose, verse and picture, of far higher merit "all round" than anything we can produce (for the money—ahem!) on this side of the Atlantic, two well-written papers on "Canvas-Back and Terrapin" and "The Saddle Horse" by W. McKay Laffan and George E. Waring, Jr., respectively. The former will interest sportsmen all the world over, and the latter shows an intelligent appreciation of English views and traditions in respect of the horse, the which we had given our American cousins credit for. With the exception of the copies of Leech's sketches, which miss the rare spirit of the original, the illustrations embodied in the article on the saddle-horse leave nothing to be wished for. The twenty-two sections of this marvellous volume—it would be idle to call a handful of *Scribner* a number—furnish literature varied and extensive enough to leaven with attractiveness all the dull magazines we are acquainted with—and we know a good many. There never was such a serial as *Scribner's*!

We have also received "Familiar Wild Flowers" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—A very prettily got up little work, with carefully-drawn coloured plates.—The first part of "The Sea," issued by the same publishers, the opening chapters of which drift in such a wonderful variety of directions that we are utterly at a loss to conceive the author's main design in writing them; and *Brief*, the first number of a new weekly paper, made up with very short extracts from the daily newspapers, classified and arranged under different heads, as news or comment thereon. It is carefully compiled, and likely to be useful. We hope its name and its career may not prove the same.

"ROTHOMAGO."

Rothomago has been revived with new costumes and effects at the Théâtre du Châtelet, where it is very successful. Played successively at the Théâtre du Cirque and the Gaité, and here at its third appearance, it is richer, more brilliant and resplendent than ever. Magnificent scenery, a splendid *mise en scène*, elegant and fantastic costumes by Grévin, a striking ballet, and very amusing dialogue, assure for *Rothomago* as great a success as has usually been gained by this most amusing of magicians. The piece is chiefly supported by Cooper as Blaisinet, and by Mdlle. Vanghell, who acts the part of Rothomago junior with much vigour. At the top of our illustration, is represented the ballet of the Hours, the benevolent fairies who take young Rothomago under their protection, the hours of Eating, Working, Sleeping, &c. Below is the Bacchanalian triumph of Ariadne, with the fauns carrying children upon their shoulders. On the left are Rothomago and his father, the immortal magician, and on the right, the gormandizing Blaisinet, and the kind fairy Rageuse. The story runs thus—Rothomago, the son of an enchanter, has recovered a talisman from the Hours, by means of which all his desires may be gratified, and while courting, loses it. This talisman is in the form of a watch, and is found by Blaisinet. This causes some complications, which are eventually put right by the enchanter's son, listening to the advice of her he loves, and abandoning all claim to the supernatural, consenting to live with her as a mere mortal husband.

No new international rifle match is to take place in America for 1878.—At the meeting of the National Rifle Association, called at the request of Sir Henry Hallford, who hoped to arrange terms for a new International Match, the Board decided to stand by the present Centennial Trophy, and their action will prevent any contest of great interest in 1878.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOB, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes 1s. 7d., and 2s. 6d. each.—[ADVT.]

A DAIRY SHOW is to take place at Naples on the 28th. It is cosmopolitan in its character, for, though specially intended to promote the manufacture of the cheese of the country, it is open to all the world; and, indeed, there are fifteen foreign competitors. The object is, of course, to promote agricultural industry, of the highest importance to a country which Nature has so singularly favoured with all the elements of agricultural wealth; but who in the palmy days of the Bourbons would have dreamt of the Royal Palace at Portici being converted into a cheese fair.

GUN-SHYNESS.—It is sorely discouraging to the sportsman, after purchasing a setter or pointer puppy, apparently well-bred and of good points, and successfully bringing him through the many ills the young dog is heir to, to find the pupil gun-shy, when that portion of his education where the gun is used, is reached. No definite cause can be assigned for this weakness, and we are fain to believe it to be more or less inherent—due to heredity. To enter upon a full discussion of this subject and the various causes assigned, would demand a volume. Another not improbable cause is breeding from either brokdown or worn out

animals, or from those whose extreme youth renders it impossible for them to beget perfect offspring. Too close inbreeding is also objectionable for the same reasons. Many fine bred puppies are, however, too high strung, having an extremely sensitive nerve organisation, and to the carelessness with which such are handled may be largely attributed their gun-shyness. This is especially the case with setters, who are much more liable to cerebral or brain affections than is generally supposed. If the causes of these attacks were known, we could the better suggest a cure. A friend, an army surgeon and a thorough pathologist, desiring further light upon this subject, obtained a notoriously gun-shy animal for anatomical purposes. He was unable to prosecute his researches as thoroughly as desired, but discovered sufficient disorganisation of nerve material to lead him to believe gun-shyness to be but a symptom of disease. If the animal is gun-shy merely as the result of alarm or some transient impression, it may be corrected with care and the exercise of patience. The treatment must accord with the peculiar temperament of the animal, and will depend largely upon the

astuteness of the owner. Moderately gun-shy animals have been cured by discharging fire-arms slightly loaded, or but capped to begin with, in their presence, before feeding, causing the dogs to associate the report with the pleasure of satisfying their hunger. This may be used to advantage, oftentimes, even with old dogs, by bringing them to the verge of starvation. But, as before remarked, this is a problem the solution of which, each must work out to his own satisfaction. As "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so too you will find that the earlier you indoctrinate your puppies with a love for the gun in some such method as stated the less frequently will you have to complain of gun-shy animals in your kennel. At all events, if you are so unfortunate as to have such an animal, do not give it up as incurable without an earnest attempt at eradicating the habit. Moreover, we pay some respect to the theory that dogs become gun-shy after a certain age, those periods varying with the different species of dogs. Just as with old people, so do the nerves of old dogs become weak and sensitive. Setters and pointers become gun-shy after reaching their fourth to sixth year.—*Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer.*

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They require no restraint of diet or confinement during
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MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL
by AUCTION, near Albert-gate, Hyde Park,
on MONDAY, November 12th, without reserve,
TWELVE fresh young IRISH HORSES, that have
been regularly running in the above coach, among which
are several well-bred hunters of character, up to weight
and in hard condition.

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by AUCTION, near Albert-gate, Hyde Park,
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following clever HUNTERS, that have been regularly
hunted, and well known in Worcestershire, the property
of Henry Allsopp, Esq., M.P., and George H. Allsopp,
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QUEEN'S PAGE, 7 yrs, 15-1½ high.
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GUNNER, 7 yrs, 15-3 high.
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WATER CURE, 8 yrs, 15-3 high.
BAY CARRIAGE HORSE, 6 yrs, 16-2 high.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL
by AUCTION, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park,
on MONDAY, Nov. 12, the NAILCOTE STUD
YEARLINGS, with their engagements; also BROOD
MARES, &c., the Property of a Gentleman.

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2. **BAY COLT** by Deerswood out of Brenda (dam
of Inchcape) by Buccaneer.
3. **BAY FILLY** by Y. Melbourne out of Lady
Emma (dam of Speculation) by Orlando.
4. **FILLY** by Restitution out of Bounce (dam of
Cecropia) by Flatterer.
5. **BAY FILLY** by Deerswood out of Flying
Duchess (Galopin's dam) by The Flying Dutch-
man.
6. **COLT** by Y. Melbourne out of Sadie (dam of
Capitola, Jenny Mills, Jerry Hawthorn, &c.) by
Vultigeur.
7. **COLT** by Young Melbourne out of South Hatch
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LUCETTA by Flatterer; with a foal by Deerswood,
and covered by Struan.

LADY EMMA by Orlando; with a foal by Y. Mel-
bourne, and covered by Struan.

SISTER TO ELEGANCE by Ely out of Nemesis;
with a foal by Favonius, and covered by him
again.

EADITH by Newminster; with a foal by Struan,
and covered by Rosicrucian.

STALLION.
DEERSWOOD by Orlando (half brother to Cam-
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Thousand Guineas Stakes.

TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT by Favonius out of
Duckling by The Drake out of Iona by Ion.

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Cheques forwarded to the country on written request.
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noblemen and gentlemen, New and Second-hand Car-
riages, Harness, &c. Sales and valuations in town or
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SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen,
tradesmen, and cab proprietors, and others; active young
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MR. RYMILL will sell by AUCTION
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Robert Layton, of the White Hart Hotel, Newmarket,
20 well-bred, High-Stepping, Young Riding and Driving
Horses, which have been used during the Race
Meeting. Gentlemen, Tradesmen, and others, should
not lose so good an opportunity of obtaining seasoned
young horses. On view two days.

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FOR SALE, the YACHT CUCKOO,
92 tons, with all her racing sails, lead ballast,
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Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons, in the Parish of
St. Ann, in the City of London, and published by
GEORGE MADDICK, Jun., at 148, Strand, in the
Parish of St. Clement Danes, London.—SATURDAY,
November 10, 1877.



SCENES FROM "ROTHOMAGO," AT THE THEATRE DU CHATELET.

1.—Rothomago with his Son.

2.—Rothomago imploring help from the Fairies.

Blaisinet and the fairy Rageuse.

4. The triumph of Ariadne.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS for December 12th, 1877, will be the GRAND DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, and will be published under the title of "THE GOSSIPS' BOWL." It will be lavishly illustrated. With it will be GIVEN AWAY a Double-page Coloured Picture of novel attractiveness, from the original by J. T. Lucas, entitled, "Chips of the old Block."

George Holmes, painter of "Can't you Talk?" will be represented by a double-page drawing, similar in feeling and treatment to that famous picture. Miss Braddon will write the leading story, the title of which is, "Thou Art the Man!" Otherwise, the number will contain stories, poems, sketches, &c., by well-known authors.

Advertisers wishing to secure the insertion of their advertisements in this number, are requested to forward immediate instructions.

THE SCALE OF CHARGES IS AS FOLLOWS:

Wrapper, Outside Page	8s.
" " Page Facing Title	50
" " Ordinary Page	40
Page facing Illustration	45
" " Matter	40
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Quarter-page Ordinary, or one Single Col.	8
Per inch, Single Col.	12s. 6d.
Per Line, " "	1s. 3d.

Any further information will be forwarded on application to the Manager.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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J. & G. invite a Visit to their Establishment, which will be found to offer Great Facilities and Advantages for selecting

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

ALF B.—Monvel, an actor, sat in the pulpit of Notre Dame, as the High Priest of Reason during the French revolution, and Mdlle. Aubry, a beautiful operatic actress, was enthroned upon the high altar at Notre Dame, in very scanty drapery, to receive homage as the Goddess of Reason. Madame Genlis pointed out that Monvel died eight years after raving mad, and Mdlle. Aubry, while playing Minerva, the Goddess of Reason, fell from a piece of stage machinery from the top of the theatre, and was taken up frightfully injured and disfigured. Another operatic actress is mentioned by Carlyle, the Demoiselle Candeille, as being borne in a litter to Notre Dame by men in Roman costumes, and sitting on the high altar as the Goddess of Reason, on an occasion when a Hymn to Liberty by Chénier set to music by Gossec was sung. There were also other beautiful women, off and on the stage, who personated the Goddess

of Reason; one was nearly torn to pieces in the streets of Paris by a band of furious women.

LIFE.—The portrait was purchased originally in France from a broker's shop, by Talma the great French tragedian. Shakspeare's head was painted upon a piece of wood of an oval form, which had once been the upper part of a pair of bellows, with the following inscriptions round the surface and close to its edge:—"Who have we here, stuck on these bellows, but the prince of good fellows, Willy Shakspeare." Above the head was carved, "O base and coward luck, to be so stuck," and under it "Nay, but a god-like luck's to him assigned, Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind."—Pistol.

That is all we can find for you about the Shakspeare bellows portrait.

E. CHESTER.—There was a Miss Hengler, who was a circus performer early in the present century. She was famous as a dancer on wires, and for performing other similar feats of skill in a travelling circus.

F. FITZROY.—There was a French translation of the novel of Banello (1554) on which, it has been said, Shakspeare founded his *Romeo and Juliet*. It was published in Paris by Pierre Boisteau a few years before Shakspeare's play appeared. The same story was written in the "Novellino" by Masuccio di Salerno, a collection of tales published at Naples in 1476, in Luigi da Porto's novel "La Giulietta," which was published in 1535, and was translated by Banello, and by others. There is no record of it in authentic Italian history. A poetical English version of the story, derived from Banello's, by Arthur Brooke, was published in 1562. An English prose edition of the story was published by Paynter. Arthur Brooke, in his preface, refers to the story having then been "lately set forth on the stage," where, as he tells us, it won greater commendation than he looked for, which helps us to fix the date of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*; for it is not likely that Shakspeare would have chosen a subject so recently and successfully treated by another. Salerno, so named after his birth-place, was a man of rank, family, and fortune, attached to the Court of the Dukes of Milan, and the Novellino collection was made when he was an old man and had retired into private life.

S. A. W.—Delphini was a native of Venice, where he had been a gondolier, and famous for feats of strength and activity, which at Carnival time brought him into such great public favour that he betook himself to the stage. He afterwards came to England, and was here the most famous gymnast of his day. He died in his ninety-ninth year, in Lancaster-cour, Strand, London. The last forty years of his life were spent in a state of great debility.

O. HIGGINS.—1. Mr. Charles Dillon, son-in-law of Mr. Conquest. 2. Madame Albertazzi. 3. "The Sequel of Henry the Fourth, with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff and Justice Shallow," was Shakspeare's play altered by Mr. Betterton. It was played at Drury Lane, and published in 1710.

H. H. (New Brompton).—The gentleman you inquire about is in town—or, at any rate, was last week, but we are unacquainted with his address. Write to Mr. Blackmore, Dramatic Agent, Garrick-street, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

H. P. S. (Bournemouth).—Thanks, we are not at present disposed to entertain your proposal with a view to its being carried into effect.

AN OLD PLAYGOER.—The information was supplied by Miss Rose Leclercq herself.

ALINDA.—1. Kitty Clive, when Miss Rafter, made her first appearance in the year 1728, and first obtained repute by playing the part of Dorinda, in *The Tempest*. 2. She was born in London in 1711, and her father was William Kafer, a lawyer, the son of a gentleman who resided in Kilkenny, and was the representative of an old Roman Catholic family of some consequence, the estates belonging to which were forfeited to King William after the battle of the Boyne, at which her father, his father, and his brothers all fought for James. 3. Her mother before her marriage was Elizabeth Daniel, the daughter of a wealthy leather seller who resided on Fish-street-hill. 4. Her husband was an attorney-at-law, and she was married in 1732. 5. We are personally acquainted with some of her descendants.

MUSICAL.

W.—The reference to the lady's studies in conchology was probably satirical, for she once kept an oyster shop.

E. J.—There are many cases on record of deaf and dumb persons perceiving and being delighted with musical sounds.

TURF.

J. L. (Wigton).—Advertise in the *Sporting Life*. There is no fixed rule, and salaries vary.

W. L. R.—(Moreton-in-Marsh).—Write to Veterinary College, Camdentown, N.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. M.—There is a story told of Sherwin the painter, who was given to gambling, and always in debt, which closely resembles it, if it is not the same. A creditor, named Roberts, who was near sighted, and in great distress, calling upon Sherwin for money due to him for etching a series of fifty views round London, was received in the painter's studio, and, being provided with a bottle and glass, asked to excuse him for a few minutes while he wrote an important letter to catch the post. Sherwin contriving to substitute for himself at the writing table a lay figure in a hat and coat, stole away; Roberts having repeatedly drank to the figure, and being puzzled at its silence, at last reminded it that he had a long way to go. Still getting no reply he urged the supposed Sherwin more and more impatiently to pay and let him go, and at last discovering the trick went indignantly away.

J. CAMERON asks if the dreams of blind people have ever been made the subject of investigation, and suggests the subject as a good one for a magazine article. We are unable to reply. We can scarcely conceive that any impressions but those conveyed by sound and touch could exist in the dreams of a person born blind.

L. S. D.—We are not sure, but we have a vague idea that a tax on kept mistresses was suggested many years ago, in one of the magazines, half in fun and half in earnest. We are quite sure that it has been suggested in print.

B. A.—Most of the existing titles of newspapers are old ones revived. A publication called *The Graphic* appeared in 1834.

M. N. M.—Colonel Macdonald attended the coronation as chief of his clan, in fulfilment of the terms of an ancient tenure, and while standing near the throne in full Highland costume a cry of horror arose, and a lady of high rank standing near accused him of raising one of his pistols against the king. He was at once seized and handed over to the police, apparently paralysed with dismay and astonishment; but his innocence having been manifested, he was shortly after set at liberty, and received a personal message expressive of deep regret from the king, when in a state of furious indignation, it being too late to do homage for his title and estates. He was a magnificently handsome man, and his singular arrest attracted considerable public attention; he used frequently to appear in the London streets in all the grandeur of his costly coronation costume, followed by crowds of curious people.

J. W. J.—Next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

THERE is an old Horatian maxim (used metaphorically by the poet in reference to the proper season for retirement by a man into private life), familiar, doubtless, to most of our readers, which runs thus:

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne Peccet in extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat;

and, translated broadly, means neither more nor less than that we should know when to quit the stage of public life, and not linger thereon after we have become unfitted to adorn it. Rendered literally, the advice inculcated may be taken as applying to horses as well as to men, and certain it is that the future of one of the "fathers of our kings to be" depends in no small degree upon the reputation he enjoys at the time of his withdrawal from the active pursuits of racing. We have had instances before this of Derby heroes and other important winners having degenerated into mere platers, and finally quitting the post for the paddock with soiled reputations, merely owing to an insane desire on the part of their owners to make the most of their capabilities; and although such cases are happily rare, they fully illustrate the truth of our maxim. Having thus lost caste, they come into the field heavily handicapped against rivals who have quitted the scenes of their triumphs in the heyday of their renown, and must fight a hard battle against neglect and indifference in their early days, having solely their innate goodness on which to rely for pulling them through. As another maxim says, "there is a season for all things," and fortunate is that owner who is possessed of sufficient judg-

ment, self-restraint, and, we may add, moral courage, to withdraw his champion in the very hour of his supreme triumph, well satisfied that he has done all that was asked of him right handsomely, and not caring to abuse a trusty servant who has never failed him in the hour of need.

The owner of Springfield has been content to follow the example of a brother sportsman, and as Prince Batthyany gazetted the retirement of Galopin after his three-year-old career, so has Mr. Houldsworth signed the order of release from Green Lodge for Springfield, whose destination is his birthplace in the Royal Paddocks, and his box in close proximity to another "mighty miler," the redoubtable "Prince of the T.Y.C." We may well echo the poet's wish, "would he could have stayed with us," and colour was given to this hope by the appearance of the distinguished bearer of the green and gold in certain races recently closed; but it will be agreed on all hands that no more fitting opportunity could be chosen for Springfield to make his farewell bow, than at the close of the second season during which he retained an unbeaten certificate. In the prime of his health and vigour, sound in wind and limb, and with a glorious future apparently before him, Springfield may well join the brotherhood of English sires with a prestige certainly not excelled since Blair Athol bade farewell to the scenes of his labours some dozen years ago. With a spirit worthy of all praise, Mr. Houldsworth refused all offers for his champion, for whose possession fabulous sums were offered, and as Lord Westminster said of Touchstone, that the United States would not buy him, so it may be Mr. Houldsworth's boast in after years that no offer would tempt him to part company with his splendid horse. Would there was more of this spirit abroad, all the more desirable now that the reproach is cast (and not unjustly) in John Bull's teeth, that golden ointment acts invariably as a salve to his conscience; and that our supremacy as a horse-breeding nation has been disputed by those for whose use we have forged and sold weapons, to be turned against us in the day of battle.

England still retains her champion of 1877, and he enters upon his stud career under the most brilliant auspices, for during his three years of training at Newmarket, he has been tended as horse never was before, special care being taken that he should not be overdone with work, nor started in races for which he was deemed not specially adapted, both as regards the length and gradients of the course. Ryan kept him like the apple of an eye, and never had trainer better reason to be proud of his charge, who never, since his two-year-old days, caused his friends a moment's anxiety in any race in which he sported silk. What he did he did so well as to make us regret that severer tasks were not set him in the way of compassing a distance of ground, and every true lover of racing rejoiced when the rumour went abroad of the intention of his owner to try him over Cup courses another year. This first meeting with the cream of our well known and approved good stayers, such as Hampton and Silvio, would have sent racegoers fairly mad with excitement; but no such treat was in store for us, and we must accept the inevitable, knowing that the right time has been chosen for his retirement. It is just this feeling of disappointment at the course pursued that sharpens our regret, and infuses one drop of bitter into the cup of pride full to overflowing at the thought of having secured in perpetuity the services of so grand a specimen of the thoroughbred. There is just that shadow of a doubt flung across the brightness of his path, as to whether he was possessed of the stoutness necessary to carry him successfully through such wars of giants as our Ascot and Doncaster Cups. We heartily wish he had set the seal upon his undoubted excellence as a sprinter by demonstrating beyond cavil his powers as a stayer, thus placing it out of the power of racing pessimists and others of the "deterioration" school to cry him down as a "mere miler" of the Prince Charlie class. As it is, there is pretty certain to go up a cry that his owner hesitated to pit him against the Cup horses of his day and generation, and thus his fair fame will be assailed, and his best friends be forced to keep silence. Galopin, as a Derby winner, made for himself a more historical name than even Springfield, and yet there were not wanting those to insinuate that his endurance had never been fairly put to the test, and that Prince Batthyany deemed discretion the better part of valour in leaving to others to contest severer trials of strength. Unfortunately some colour has been given to the reports anent Springfield's dislike to long distance races by the only defeats he encountered during his three years service in the green jacket. Kisber somewhat readily disposed of him over the severe Dewhurst Plate Course, and in the Criterion he had to strike his colours to that "single speech Hamilton," Clanronald, thus in some degree justifying the inference that speed was his especial forte. If this was so, all we can say is, Mr. Houldsworth showed great good judgment, firstly, in keeping the knowledge of the fact to himself, and secondly, in exhibiting unwonted forbearance by not stretching the bow beyond its strength. In any case we have the solid consolation to fall back upon, that in Springfield we can show a horse of the grandest type, who has come safely through the many casualties of training without flaw or blemish to a very exalted position upon the bed-roll of English stud celebrities; and though we cannot with certainty predict for him a similar unequivocal success at the Stud as on the racecourse, he can show everything in his favour towards attaining it; and we doubt not that the same prudent policy of husbanding his powers will be exhibited in his new sphere of life; as during the preliminary ordeal which stamped him as one of the best racehorses "of any age or country."

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is speedy and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. Its value is above all others; a single trial proves it. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

In Memoriam.

HUBERT JOHN DE BURGH.

O DEATH, of all our prayers thou wast unmoved,
And all our tears could win not thee to spare,
But thou hast taken from us our beloved,
And with thy poppies bound the unlaurelled hair.

That had been hallowed with unfading flowers,
For had that noble soul delayed its flight,
He had had the world's praise for this grief of ours,
And Love and Fame had crowned him in men's sight.

As sorrow in our hearts, and all had known him,
And seen him as he seemed unto our eyes,
And been most glad to greet him, and to own him
Loyal, and good, and kind, and sweet, and wise.

But death has left the gracious words unspoken,
That had made music for us, and unwon
The garland, and the unlivid life, for token
Of all that had been said, and thought, and done.

Yet will we give thee, as we watch beside thee,
And look our last upon thee ere we part,
Our Cypress for thy laurel-leaf denied thee,
And bid thee to sleep soundly, noble heart.

P. B.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

By A. H. WALL.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

The Biography of an Actor is the Record of his Art.—BOADEN.

WHEN Mr. Roger Kemble was with Mr. Ward's company of itinerant players in or about the year 1754, dressing the company's store of wigs by day, and playing a singular variety of parts by night, to amuse the old playgoers of Wales and the adjacent English counties, he little thought that for five successive generations his direct descendants would be known as famous players. For Roger had no prejudices in favour of the stage as a profession; nor had his manager, Mr. Ward, although being a very careful and thrifty man, with a keen eye to the elements of popularity, he had been fairly successful. For in those days, poverty, persecution, contempt, and ridicule, pursued players in every phase of their precarious profession; and both Ward and Kemble knew sadly too well how terrible were the hardships and desperate the struggles, how humiliating the necessities and degrading the consequences which haunted the wretched lives of itinerant actors in the past century.

Guess then how angry Ward the actor was when Kemble the actor ran away with and married Ward's favourite and most beautiful daughter.

Yet this Ward was an enthusiastic old actor, who admired his profession, and excelled in it. He had played with Betterton, the great actor of the seventeenth century. Pegg Woffington made her first appearance for his benefit, at Dublin, in 1760. On the 9th of September, 1746, being at Stratford-on-Avon, and finding the neglected monument of Shakspeare falling into decay, it was this Ward who gave a performance in the Town Hall for the purpose of its restoration, for which—if I remember rightly—the posterity who might otherwise have lost it have never yet displayed any special mark of gratitude. Ward was one of the very few managers who kept Shakspeare before the public with any degree of constancy, and Roger Kemble appears to have been most successful in Shakspearean characters. Ward was also one of the very few provincial actors and managers who made money, one fact with which the other fact may have had something to do even then—who knows?

From this loving pair of Rogues and Vagrants—made such by Act of Parliament—this Roger Kemble and this Miss Ward, descended Sarah—afterwards Mrs. Siddons—born in 1755, at a public-house in Brecknock. Stephen born in 1756, John Philip born in 1757, Fanny born—I forget when—and our present subject Charles, born in 1777, when Mr. Roger Kemble's Company of Comedians had become tolerably well-known throughout the towns and villages, which patronised them, in barns and great rooms of inns, in town halls, and now and then, by way of luxury, in a regularly built and more or less properly and completely fitted theatre. One by one as they grew old enough to speak plainly, these children made their respective first appearances upon the stage; and to give you some idea of what kind of entertainments those were in which those children took part, we append one of their bills of the play:—

Worcester, February 12th. 1767.

Mr. Kemble's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre at the King's Head, this evening, will be performed a concert of Music, to begin exactly at six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the usual places.

Between the parts of the Concert will be performed GRATIS, a celebrated Historical Play (NEVER PERFORMED HERE) called—

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in Ancient Habits according to the fashion of those times.

The part of King Charles ...	MR. JONES
Duke of Richmond ...	MR. SIDMONS
Marquis of Lindsay ...	MR. SALISBURY
Bishop Juxon ...	MR. FOWLER
General Fairfax ...	MR. KEMBLE
Colonel Ireton ...	MR. CRUMP
Colonel Tomlinson ...	MR. HUGHES
The part of Oliver Cromwell ...	MR. VAUGHAN
Servant ...	MR. BUTLER

James Duke of York (afterwards King of England)

MASTER J. KEMBLE.

The Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger son),

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Serjeant Bradshaw (Judge of the pretended High Court

of Justice) MR. BURTON.

The Young Princess Elizabeth ...

MISS KEMBLE

Lady Fairfax ...

MRS. KEMBLE

The part of the Queen ...

MRS. VAUGHAN

Singing between the acts by MRS. FOWLER and MISS KEMBLE

To which will be added a COMEDY

THE MINOR.

and on Saturday next, the 14th instant will be again presented the above Tragedy, with a farce that will be expressed in the bills for the day.

* The days of Performance are Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Anthony Pasquin commenting upon these early attempts of John Philip Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons in a latter day when she did not sing, but when their greatness had grown ripe, twenty-three years after the date of the above play-bill, says "the incidental variations of this Theatrical progeny, should operate to good purpose—the banishment of despair from the bosoms of the meanest of the *Theatrical corps*. Who is more circumstantially trodden down than this progeny were? Who is more magnificently enthroned than this progeny are? While Hope has existence in the human mind, the chequered progress of the KEMBLES may be brought forward to exemplify her tacit dogmas."

Roger Kemble following the vain resolve of his father-in-law, determined that none of his children should grow up to become vagrant players by profession. He was a Roman Catholic, and his son John was sent to be educated at a school kept for Roman Catholics, at Sedgely Park in Staffordshire, from which place he went to college at Douay, in France, to be educated either for a priest or for one of the learned professions. But John took as everybody knows to the stage. In 1789, Charles

was twelve; and his brother John was thirty-two years of age and a famous actor on the London boards. Yet, like his father and his grandfather before him, he was loth that one he loved should fly, moth-like, into that most terrible and attractive flame—the stage. So at his own expense he sent Charley to college, at Douay, to be educated, as he had been, for the priesthood. The warm-hearted, sensitive boy found the strict, stern discipline and formal routine of the college, and the companionship of none but strangers speaking a foreign tongue, thoroughly repugnant to his taste and feelings. At last he fell ill, and the college authorities becoming alarmed, wrote to the great tragedian, whose fame was then spreading through Europe, requesting him to fetch the lad away—nothing would do him so much good as the presence of his countrymen and friends. Letters were a tediously long time on the road in those days, as you may guess by what follows. John started at once for Dover to cross the Channel, and bring his brother home, travelling, in his anxiety, not by the ordinary coach, but by post. Charley had so far recovered that he had been sent home alone, and landing from the packet at Dover, in his eagerness to see his brother, was also travelling post. So it came about that as a pair of post carriages passed each other travelling in opposite directions, a youth sitting in one looked up from his book to cry out in a transport of delight, "Jack!" and a handsome young man in the other looking up at the sound, cried out with as sudden a burst of joy, "Charley!"

When Charles Kemble was ripe for a start in life, John—then at Drury Lane Theatre—found him a post in the Inland Office, and afterwards another in the Foreign Department of the Post Office in Lombard-street. But how could it be expected that Charles could be content with the dull routine of a clerkship, while in every paper he took up, in every coffee-house he entered, in every home he was received in, and in the highest society, the great theme of endless enthusiasm and delight was the wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble. But he heard no praise of the stage; nothing but warnings against it in the homes of his sisters and brothers. She, who enthralled the hearts and souls of thousands, and rose to the full horror of tragedy before men who wept like children and women in hysterics, solemnly entreated her younger brother to avoid a profession in which side by side with its greatest honours, were the grossest indignities and insults to a woman's true pride and her purest feelings, and to a man's noblest dignity. John was equally averse to his becoming an actor. His sister, Elizabeth, Mrs. Whitelock, although she married an actor, sang the same tune to the self-same words. "Anne of Swansea," Mrs. Hutton, the novelist, another of his sisters, was equally earnest in warning him against the profession, and so were the gentlemanly old grandfather Roger, and Fanny, his wife. In vain; son and grandson of actors and actresses, Charles was resolved to be an actor also, and so one day he disappeared from Lombard-street, where the desk and the stool were to know him never again. "If you will be an actor, Charley," said John, "you must begin your apprenticeship fairly, and go into the country." So into the country, backed by the prestige of his name and the influence of his family, Charles went.

While he was away realising all the difficulties and disasters of a poor beginner in little parts on the provincial boards, Drury Lane theatre had been rebuilt, its predecessor having been destroyed by fire, and in the March of 1791, the talk of the town was all about its opening night, and the way in which Shakspeare's Macbeth was to be on that occasion revived by John Kemble, who would play Macbeth to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, and the Malcolm of a new actor from the country, Charles Kemble, and without the ghost.

John Kemble said previously, to Boaden, who was a famous critic of the day, "Boaden you will see shortly two young men in the profession, in whom I take an interest, one is my brother Charles, He will make an actor." On the 21st of the next month, April, the long looked for and exciting event came off, to the dismay of poor Charles. A writer in the "New Monthly Magazine" thus recorded our hero's debut. "Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm, and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed 'Oh! by whom?' on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was said to be 18. I think he was no more."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. G. H. BROWNE.

To our excellent contemporary the (Manchester) *Sporting Chronicle* we are indebted for the following admirable notice, from the pen of "Bayard," of the late Mr. G. H. Browne, a portrait of whom will be found on another page.

"Mr. Browne was invariably solitary and alone. He took a pleasure in communing with himself; a companion was a useless incumbrance. His individuality was strongly marked, and his external peculiarities scarcely ever varied in any noticeable particular. 'Boston' Browne, as he was generally known in Manchester, was unanimously affirmed to be the best dressed man in Cottonopolis. His appearance was irreproachable, and would have been voted perfect by the most fastidious. A faultlessly fitting frock coat, a silk hat of the latest shape, boots, gloves, and everything else to correspond, and in the quietest and most exquisite taste—such was 'Boston' Browne in the days when I first remember him. When in 1856 he first came to Manchester he was a partner in the enterprising firm of White, Browne, and Co., of New York and Boston, and he at once came into notice in commercial circles as a remarkably clever buyer of Manchester and Bradford manufactured fabrics. At Bradford he was shown a make of cloth that his ready apprehension informed him might be made the rage for the forthcoming season. He inquired the quantity that was in stock, and made an offer for the entire lot. His offer being accepted, he next inquired the probable extent of the production of this particular cloth for several months to come. He thereupon made an immediate bid for the entire produce of the looms for that period, thus binding the manufacturer not to sell to any other house until that time had expired. His next move was to ship off a portion of the existing stock, and bring it under the notice of the trade. The cloth was speedily in request, and by supplying it only in moderate quantities he forced the price up, and made a large profit. Other merchants rushed into the market for the purpose of securing a share of the favourite pattern, but found themselves anticipated. 'Boston' Browne had been beforehand with them, and the goods were only to be bought through him and at the price he chose to fix. He did not become mixed up in theatrical speculation until the formation of the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited, which bought up the interests of the original proprietor in 1868. He took a thousand pounds worth of shares in the concern. His active participation in the affairs of the theatre does not, however, date until a later period, when he and Mr. J. M. Wike took the theatre entirely into their own hands, the other shareholders retiring. In 1873 Mr. Wike's interest in the theatre ceased. The news came upon the theatrical world like a thunderclap, but Mr. Browne was equal to the emergency. He at once went to his banker's and informed the manager of what had occurred. That gentleman was, until then, ignorant of what had happened, but Mr. Browne instructed him that he would meet every responsibility the theatre had incurred, and the result of this step was that he became sole proprietor of the establishment with which he has been so honourably identified. Two years later a further change occurred, this time in the management, and Mr. Browne from that time became his own manager.

"Prior to this Mr. Browne had retired from business, and an intention which he had formed of quitting Manchester and taking up his residence in London was frustrated by the death of his daughter, who was at the time in Paris, completing her education. He felt her loss poignantly, and henceforth devoted himself with the most intense assiduity to the enhancement of the popularity of the theatre. What he has done towards this end need hardly be recapitulated here. He saw the necessity of enlarging the theatre in order to accommodate its numerous patrons. In spite of assertions of its impracticability, a scheme of reconstruction was devised and carried out by Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, the result being that close upon three thousand people have been accommodated at one time within the auditorium. The embellishment and ornamentation of the theatre has been executed after his own designs. His money provided those magnificent, though peculiarly unprofitable revivals of *Henry the Fifth*, and *Twelfth Night*; during his sole proprietorship the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* was produced, with Phelps as Justice Shallow and the King; under his auspices Alfred Cellier's three charming operas were produced—*The Sultan of Mocha*, *Tower of London*, and *Nell Gwynne*—and to his enterprise and sagacity Manchester is indebted for a succession of the finest entertainments that it was possible to cull from the theatres of the metropolis. I question if any other provincial theatre can show such a succession of high-class and successful entertainments as have formed the staple attractions at the Prince's for the past two seasons. In addition to all this, since his active participation in the management of the theatre the pantomimes at the Prince's have been marvels of magnificence. Profuse liberality characterised these productions, and the talent engaged was equal to that of the best London theatres. It has hitherto been known only to a few that the latest enterprise he had projected was a Shakspearean revival, to take place next year. The play selected was *Cymbeline*, and negotiations had been opened with Miss Neilson to play the part of Imogen. Whether this intention will be persevered with remains to be seen. Had Mr. Browne lived the play would have been produced in a style fully in keeping with the reputation the theatre had previously acquired in this class of entertainment."

[We cannot refrain from observing, while cordially approving of the graceful recognition which the late Mr. Browne's spirited career as manager, has met with at the hands of his numerous biographers, more especially at the hands of the writer whose notice we quote, that little or no mention is made of Mr. Charles Calvert. Surely he had some part in the enviable distinction achieved by the Shakspearean revivals at the Prince's Theatre. Some little credit is surely due to the ripe scholar, efficient artist, and man of faultless taste in stage representations, who wrought quite as hard in his department as Mr. Browne had done in his. *Fiat Justitia, &c.*]

OLD PLAYERS AND NEW CRITICS.

If Shakspeare were not amongst us in his works to convince succeeding generations of his greatness, how that greatness would be sneered at, and doubted; how many would easily demonstrate to the world at large, that it was an utter impossibility. In vain, would critics, whose living works approved their judgment as powerful, refined, and cultured, have awarded his plays the greatest praise. Critical modern writers would attach little importance to the opinions of even the greatest judges who had read Shakspeare, but were ignorant of the works of modern playwrights. These critical observers—they would say—in effect—may have been giants in wisdom, profound in observation, weighty and solid in judgment, but, if they had not our opportunity of comparing what was with what is, our judgment is by far the better guide. "Depend upon it," they might add, "Shakspeare would be thought little enough of if he had lived in these enlightened and superior times."

So argues the author of an article on "Comparing New Actors with Old," published last week in a contemporary; only the argument is applied not to the greatest, and almost the oldest of all our playwrights; but to great old actors. "Unless," says this writer, "We could see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears the performances of a Kean, a Kemble, a Garrick, or a Betterton, we could not with any approximation to accuracy, weigh their merits and defects against those of the actor of our day, who holds a corresponding place in popular estimation."

Shall we pooh pooh Lord Byron's judgment of acting when he describes, say Edmund Kean in Richard, because Byron never saw the Richard of Barry Sullivan or Henry Irving? Must we put aside such wonderful word pictures of marvellous acting as Talfourd's, or Mrs. Jamieson's, or Hazlitt's, or Fanny Kemble's, or a host of other true dramatic critics, as altogether valueless for the same curious reason? Is the standard of great acting set up in eloquent and forcible descriptions from such pens of experience or culture as those of Colley Cibber, Joseph Addison, Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Charles Dibdin, Sir Richard Steele, Sir Robert Walpole, Reynolds, Boaden, Cumberland, and a host of other eminent dramatic critics to be altogether abandoned in favour of that set up by the theatrical critics of to-day; merely because, although the latter never saw actors dead and gone who stirred vast audiences with such mighty power, and whom the greatest critics praised most highly, they have seen clever living actors of whom these dead and gone critics knew nothing? Our own eyes and our own ears may be wonderfully privileged, stupendously superior to their, but here before us—palpable and to be judged—is the old standard of criticism. Let us at least demonstrate the superiority of our own standard before we superciliously put that aside, to say with the writer I have already quoted, "How are we to know what we should now-a-days think of John Kemble, or David Garrick, or even of Edmund Kean and Macready, if they had submitted to the tests which have been applied to Mr. Henry Irving?" by us?

With all due deference to our contemporary we shall think that in our modesty we may just as well compare what the great critics of old said of our old actors with what we, the new critics, can as conscientiously say of "new actors;" and we may, moreover, fairly hold that such comparisons are far, very far, from being what the article in question dogmatically asserts they are, "illogical and worthless."

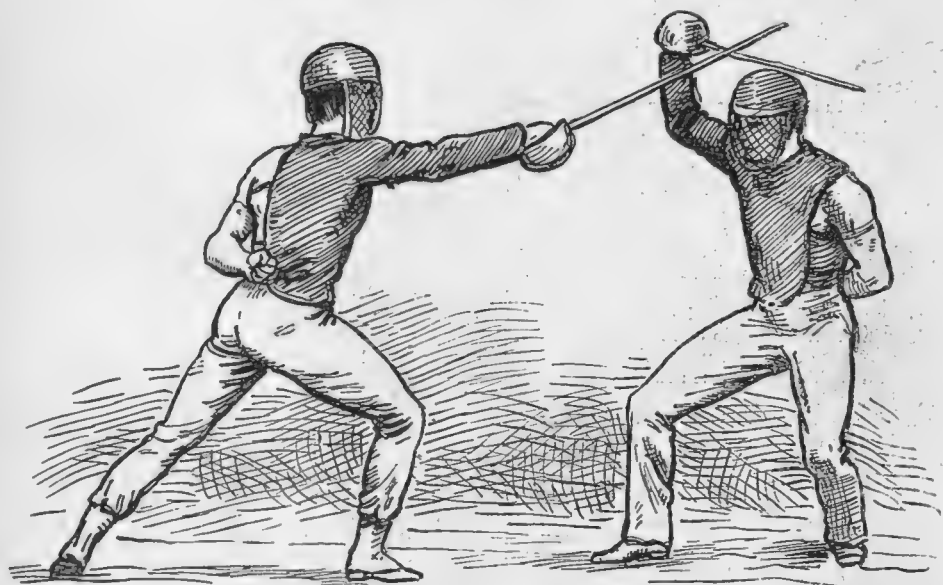
A. H. W.

THE QUORN, Mr. Tailby's, and the Meynell cub hunters were last week sold at Leicester. The following realised the highest prices:—Baronet, 130gs.; Sultan, 130gs.; Hamlet, 125gs.; General, 125gs.; Scots Grey, 120gs.; and Ina, 110gs.

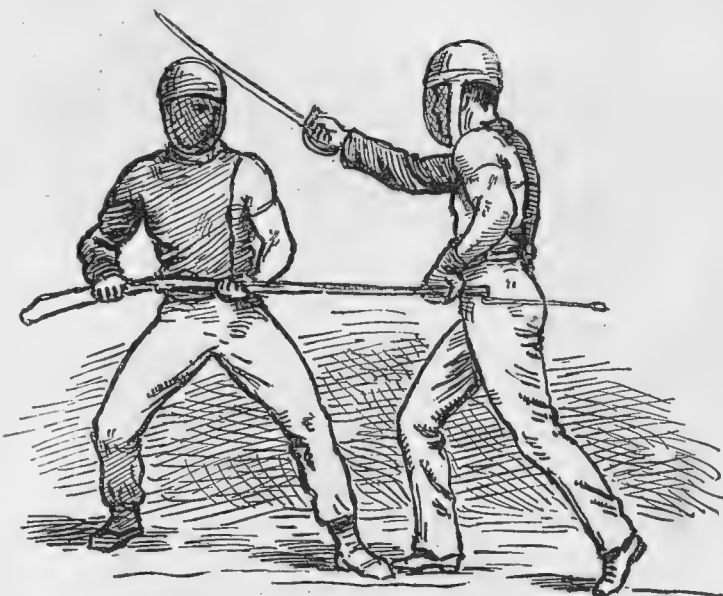
THE members of Pembroke College, Oxford, commenced their annual athletic gathering on the University Ground on Monday, in fine and mild weather. The attendance was very meagre, although the sport was fully up to the average of college meetings.

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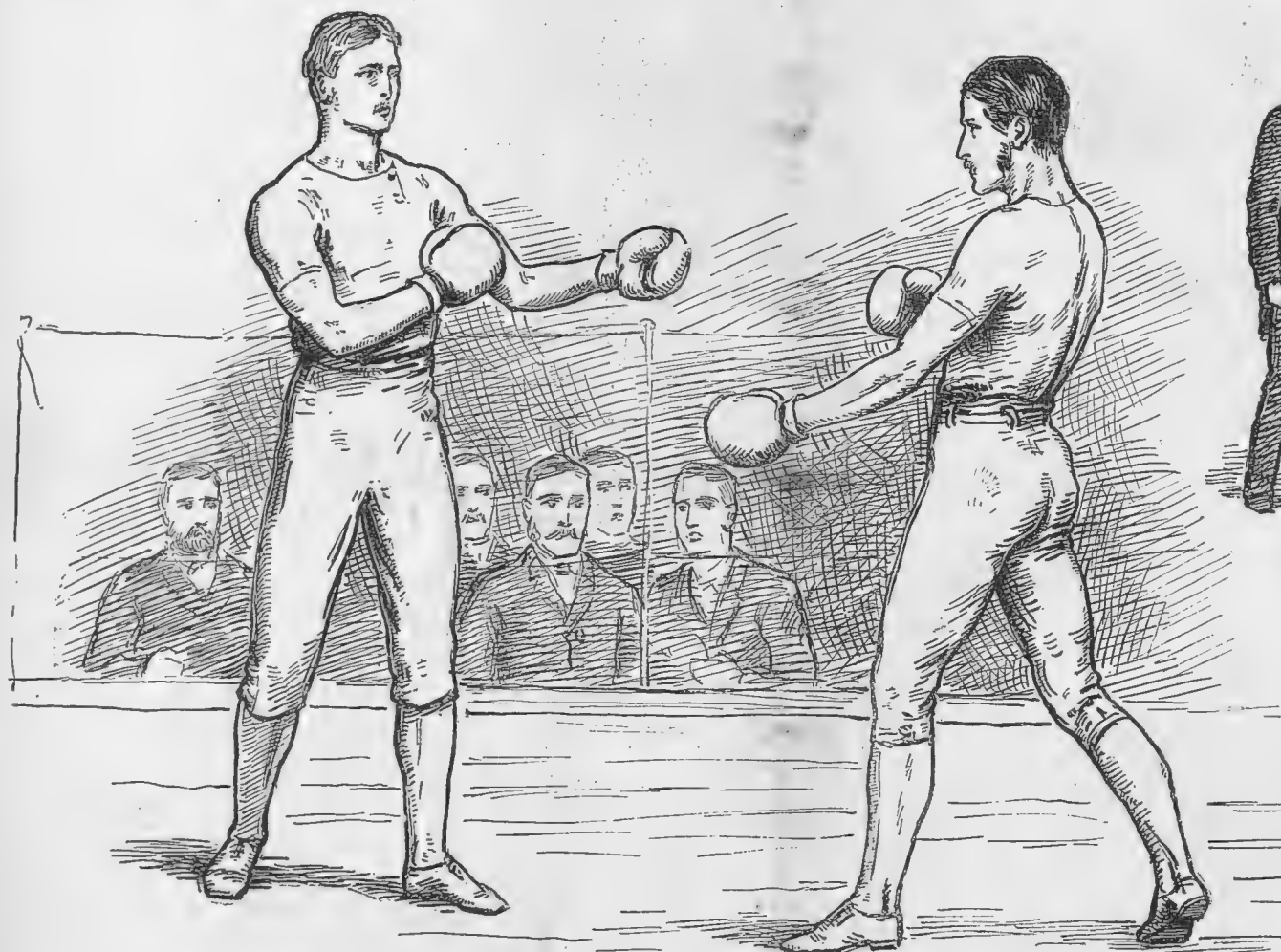
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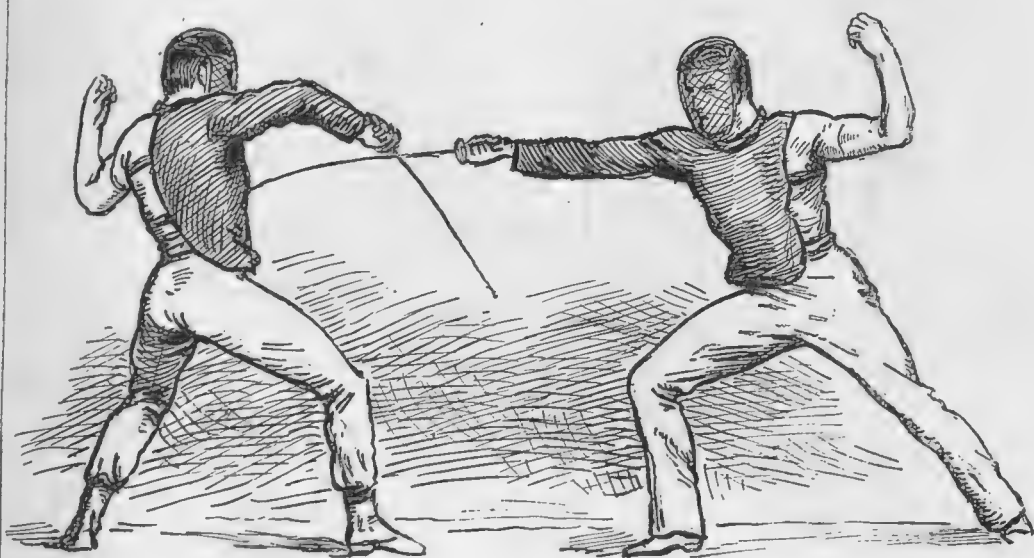
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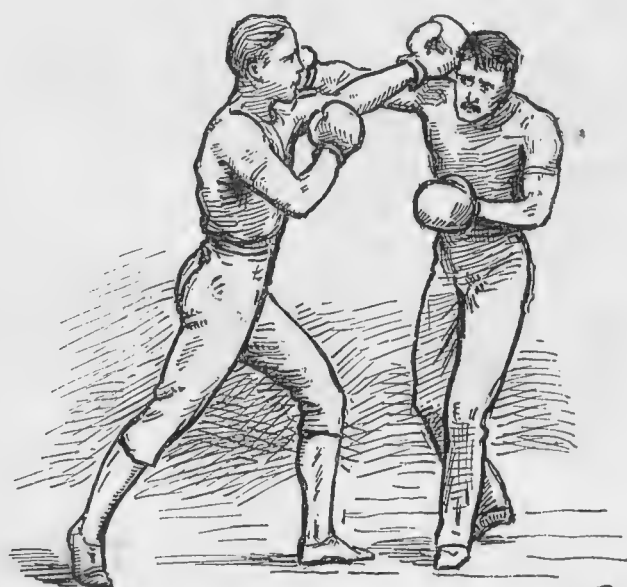
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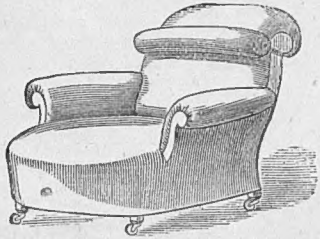


A friendly spar.

F. Dada

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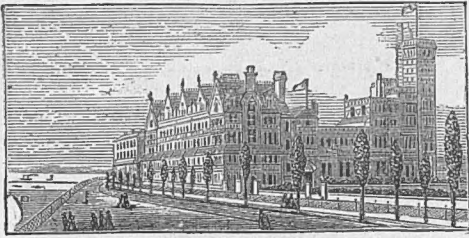
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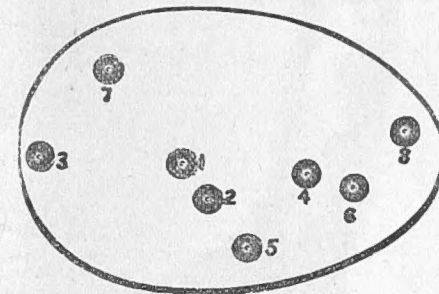
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